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The Road from Brighton Pier

WHETHER or not September weather makes amends for the calamities of August, the delegates to the Trades Union Congress will be meeting at Brighton this week-end in an economic climate of apparently "set-fair Butler sunshine," which may be conducive, at least on the platform, to a degree of complacency. The union leaders have, indeed, some solid grounds both for self-congratulation and for asking their members to count their blessings. They can point to considerable success, last winter, in securing wage advances; and the fact that those advances—contrary to the employers' warnings—did not price British goods out of world markets may justify their encouragement of hopes that a 1954-55 round of wage demands can be launched with equal success. They can report that they have got on well with a smoothly accommodating and personally likeable Minister of Labour. Above all, they can remind delegates that, under the Butler régime, unemployment has fallen to its lowest level, national consumption has expanded and real wages, after their 1950-52 dip, have recovered, on the average, to about the 1949 level, with the added boon of "free" choice in the shops.

Mr. Butler's domestic policy has achieved substantial successes. Apart from the factors already mentioned, he has managed, despite the relaxation of controls, and an expansion of investment in houses, to restore the balance of payments and gold reserves of the country; and he has weathered, without any of the repercussions which were very generally feared, a sizeable recession of business in the U.S. But before delegates at Brighton jump to the conclusion that Mr. Butler has wrought a self-perpetuating miracle, and ushered in a period of indefinite prosperity—still more, before they conclude that there is not much to choose between the Tweedledum of Socialism and the Tweedledee of Tory *laissez-faire*—they will do well to look a little more closely at the causes of Mr. Butler's boom, and at its limitations.

The Chancellor has indeed been favoured by good fortune. With no need to fear speculative attacks on a pound "managed" by a Tory Government, he was able to make banking credit cheap and ample, with the result that he has secured from domestic production additional resources worth, at present prices, some £600m. annually. Further, world prices of British exports have risen much more than those of British imports, with the result that, as compared with 1951, we now get the same volume of imports by exporting perhaps £500m. less of our own goods. In short, taking these two factors together, "Butler Britain" has, at its disposal, about £1,100m. worth more of goods than were available two years ago. It is in consequence of this that Mr. Butler has been able to abolish rationing, to "set the people free" without any very upsetting rise in prices, and to give his blessing tacitly to considerable wage increases while noting with satisfaction that personal savings have greatly increased.

There are, however, two flaws in this pleasant pattern which will not, we hope, escape the T.U.C.'s attention. First, while the better-to-do have benefited by cuts in purchase tax and some remission of income tax, the brunt of the cut in food subsidies has been borne by the poor. There is no doubt whatever that inequality of living standards—and this applies not merely to pensioners, but to large numbers of lower-paid workers—has very greatly increased since Mr. Butler took office. Secondly, apart from the toll taken by increased Defence expenditure on Mr. Butler's additional resources, the expansion of consumption and of "consumption-investment" (*e.g.*, in housing and automobiles) has left little over for productive investment. Not merely is the figure of factory buildings under construction this year well below that of 1951, but the deliveries of machinery and tools for the home market point equally to the insufficiency of current capital investment to maintain Britain's industrial competitiveness. It is no coincidence that in the U.S., the U.S.S.R. and Germany,

where capital investment is at a much higher rate, the expansion of industrial output since the war has vastly out-distanced that of Britain. In other words, Mr. Butler has used, not merely the extra resources from increased productivity, but the windfall gained from our improved terms of trade, to create an era of apparent prosperity whose foundations, on a long-term view, are unsound.

He may, of course, be able, by slashing Defence expenditure, to release additional resources of capital investment without curtailing consumption, and thus coming into head-on collision with unions already planning to make fresh claims for their members. He may do something to correct the maldistribution of consumption which he has created by really worth-while concessions to pensioners. But can a Tory Chancellor be trusted to do either of these things? Still less, can he be relied on to adjust taxation in such a way as both to correct social injustice and to provide resources for absolutely essential extra capital investment in face of bitter opposition from the interests and classes on which the popularity of his Party depends? This is not a time in which Labour's industrial wing can afford to let down its defences.

An Asian Initiative in Kenya

With the Europeans of Kenya desperately divided on the principle of inter-racial co-operation, the initiative of statesmanship has been seized by the Asian leader, Mr. A. B. Patel. Two White parties have now been formed. The Federal Independence Party stands openly for White domination. The United Country Party has proclaimed an inter-racial policy and is led by Messrs. Blundell and Havelock, who are members of the new inter-racial Council of Ministers. But the Party has started off on the wrong foot by excluding non-Whites from membership. Already it seems to be wilting before the attacks of its rival and has accepted an invitation to a conference to arrange a political truce between Europeans. Meanwhile, Mr. Patel is the first politician courageous enough to propose active steps towards the ideal of a Kenyan nationhood free from the consciousness of race. In a recent public speech he created the bold image of Kenya "as a laboratory experiment to bring about unity at the apex with diversity at the base." His first constructive experiment would be to have about ten extra members of the Legislative Council elected on a non-racial voters roll, whilst continuing the present racial representation. This would be an interim stage towards the establishment of a full non-racial roll, and would bring into the Legislature members responsible to Kenyans of all races, thus introducing a conception of Kenyan citizenship free from racial considerations. As Mr. E. A. Vasey, Member for Finance and a Kenyan who has consistently kept himself above race consciousness, has put it, "co-existence in this country is not sufficient and co-operation is the only hope." Establish the right of Africans to elect their own representatives and then proceed to a common roll, and there is some hope that Kenya will begin to forget race and become conscious of its national problems.

R-Day for the Landlord

It is too soon to say how many landlords will take advantage of the Housing Repairs and Rents Act, which came into force on Monday. But first reports suggest that a good many of the seven million tenants who come within the scope of the Act are already receiving stiffly worded notices informing them of their liability to a rent increase. The big commercial landlords, especially the investment trusts which own large blocks of flats with middle-class tenants, have undoubtedly wasted no time in claiming what they believe is their due—though it is probably impossible for most tenants to judge, without expert advice, whether the increase is both justified and within the permitted limits. Tenants of shabby properties may not understand how they can obtain certificates of disrepair, or how these can be used to fend off rent increases until certain repairs have been done. Flat tenants, confronted with an increase though no repairs appear to have been done, probably do not realise that each flat in a building can be apportioned a share of all repairs done to any part of the structure. The Labour Party's network of advice centres should provide a useful source of help to the puzzled who cannot afford accountants or solicitors to help them defend their legitimate interests.

Adult Education

When Miss Horsbrugh was compelled by the pressure of public protests to abandon, two years ago, her attempt to slash 10 per cent. off the funds appropriated for adult education, she had to be content with freezing the amount of grant aid at the 1951-2 level. Subsequently, in June, 1953, she appointed a Committee under Dr. Eric Ashby, Vice-Chancellor of Queen's University, Belfast, to report on the whole question of the present organisation and financing of local facilities for adult education. If the Minister hoped that the Committee would find grounds to support her proposed cut, she will be disappointed. The Report, now published, states roundly that, though the number of adults in England and Wales attending education classes is only 150,000, they represent "a social and intellectual asset, the loss of which would be deplorable; and we put on record our hope that their genuine educational needs will never go unfulfilled through lack of funds." In the Committee's view, the system under which the responsibility for adult education is shared by the W.E.A., the universities, L.E.A.s and the Ministry, has worked well, and no substantial changes in the structure are suggested. What the Committee does propose is that the freezing of the amount of grant aid should be discontinued, that there should be greater flexibility in the apportionment of grants, that each responsible body's allocation should be determined "after consideration of the qualities and standards of work being done," and that responsible bodies should be given greater latitude, for instance, in raising tutors' salaries. There is, of course, the danger that an illiberal attitude in the Ministry might result in "flexibility" being used to effect cheese-paring economies; but, with the Ashby Committee's commendation to support them, the responsible bodies have now a strong case for pressing the Ministry for more, not less.

The Cambridge Plan

Some readers have taken Critic to task for his attribution of the Cambridge Plan to Mr. Macmillan (London Diary, August 21). The point is made, correctly if legalistically, that the Plan is the brain-child of the Cambridge County Council and its expert advisers. Mr. Macmillan, of course, has the ultimate responsibility, in that he has to confirm or reject it; but, since he has not yet announced his formal and final decision, it would perhaps be more technically correct, at this stage, to place the blame—if any—on the County Council. The more substantial matter which has become apparent since Critic's brief comment is the fierceness of the controversy within Cambridge itself and, perhaps, some of the under-currents which are carrying it along. Critic was with those who are opposed to the whole idea of the "Spine Relief Road." They include a great many—perhaps a majority—of Cambridge residents; and the grounds of their opposition are various. But the development of the rival arguments leaves no doubt that the controversy is rapidly drifting away from the merits of the matter and becoming an issue of City *versus* County. Cambridge is not a County Borough, and it has to accept the County as planning authority. This it sometimes does with a bad grace. So that, apart from those whose amenities might be directly impaired by the construction of the road—e.g., the Fellows of Jesus—and those who, like Critic, feel that such a development is unnatural and unnecessary, most of the "anti-County lobby" has weighed in against the Plan. In fact, whatever Mr. Macmillan's attitude now, it is by no means certain that the new road will ever be made. Under the Plan, it cannot be put in hand without further public review of the situation. But its incorporation in the original Plan provides some protection against private groups, conceivably speculative, who might otherwise secure vested interests in the proposed site, and whose compensation, in default of the present public warning, might prove very costly.

Queueing for the Bus

It is not very long since queues on the public footway were unlawful; but an orderly habit like queueing was bound to earn lawful status sooner or later, and in 1942 a Defence Regulation made it compulsory at bus-stops. This regulation is still in force. It has the effect of saying that nobody, not in the queue, may get on the bus "when it is at or is approaching and about to stop" at a recognised stopping-place. The essential difficulty to which this week's prosecution at Marlborough Street has drawn attention is one of definition. Is a bus held up at the traffic lights "approaching and about to stop" at a recognised stopping-place? The police, perhaps conscious of this uncertainty, fell back, as so often, on a charge of insulting behaviour, basing this upon the passenger's refusal to get off the bus when directed to do so by the conductor. It was this charge which the Magistrate rejected; but his *obiter dictum* that the 1942 regulation

was "a war-time measure to prevent young men leaving the rear of queues and running to meet an approaching bus" suggests that he, too, was conscious of the essential difficulty of definition. Since 1936, it has been an offence to refuse to get off any bus which is "debarred from picking up passengers at the place in question by reason of the conditions attached to the Road Service Licence." This does not apply to buses in Central London: if it did, presumably the Magistrate would have had to convict in last Monday's case. Yet it is in such places as Central London, where bus queues are often a bare 150 yards apart, that the queue-pirate has the best chance and that a regulation making his enterprise clearly unlawful may be for the general convenience of the travelling public.

PARIS

The Assembly's Death-blow

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Among the factors which led the Assembly to reject E.D.C. by a decisive majority, the most important was almost certainly a growing realisation of the detailed inadequacies of the Treaty itself. After 27 months of feverish discussions, inside and outside Parliament, it was surprising that anyone found anything fresh to say. Yet the debate—accompanied, incidentally, by one of the few fine spells of this invisible summer ("a Little European Summer," as one wit put it)—did much to clarify the issues. Even at this late hour, it is doubtful if more than half the Deputies have read the Paris Treaty and its accompanying documents in full, and even less could honestly claim to understand them. Hence the six committee reports (all unfavourable) which opened the debate, gave many wavering Deputies a new insight into the difficulties to which the Treaty would give rise in all departments of French public life. The ensuing discussion, moreover, revealed that even the experts varied in their interpretation of important sections of this obscure and exasperating document. A striking instance occurred during M. René Mayer's speech, when he criticised M. Mendès-France for proposing, at Brussels, that delegates on the Commissariat should have the right of veto:

> If this right were retained (said M. Mayer), have you realised that Germany could prevent us from sending troops to North Africa? (*Applause on the Right, Centre and some benches on the Left*).
>
> *M. Mendès-France:* In such a case, France would not ask the Commissariat but the C. in C., Nato, who doesn't exercise a right of veto.
>
> *M. Mayer:* No. Under Article 13, we have to ask the Commissariat (*Exclamations on the Extreme Right*).
>
> *M. Mendès-France:* Inexact. Such decisions do not come under Article 13 any more by virtue of the protocol which you yourself signed. . .
>
> *A deputy:* This proves that nobody can understand the Treaty! (*Applause on the Extreme Right, Extreme Left, and on certain benches of the Left and Centre*).

Another factor in the Treaty's defeat was the increasing bitterness towards the "internationalism" of its supporters. This mood was a direct result of the Brussels Conference where, it subsequently turned out, the intransigeance of the "Five" was due, at least in part, to the advice of certain pro-E.D.C. French politicians. One of these was M. André Philip, who appears to have advised M. Spaak, by letter, that M. Mendès-France, whatever he said at Brussels, was perfectly capable of getting the Assembly to ratify the Treaty. To *Combat*, for example, such conduct was little short of treasonable, and comparable "to the allegiance the Communist deputies have towards Moscow." At a Socialist Parliamentary Party meeting last week M. Philip had to defend himself against a largely hostile audience. The "Europeans," however, disagreed among themselves as to the best defence against the charge of being anti-French. A few of the extremists, to the embarrassment of the rest, stuck firmly to their supra-national guns: "It is a comforting thought," wrote *Figaro* editorially last Saturday, "that when, as at Brussels, one of the members tries to sabotage it (Europe), the others should unite against him." The existence of this attitude did untold harm to the E.D.C. cause in the Assembly; and afterwards, to rub the point home, a Gaullist deputy, listening to a group of jubilant anti-E.D.C. Socialists singing the *Internationale*, turned to the M.R.P. benches and shouted: "You're the ones that should be singing that."

Finally, where does the country as a whole stand? Nobody is really sure. Outside Paris, which everyone admits is overwhelmingly anti-E.D.C., there is little evidence of strong currents of opinion. The most obvious symptom—except on the separate issue of German rearmament—is indifference. A recent public opinion poll on the Schuman Coal-Steel Pool reveals that less than one-third of the French have any real opinions about the organisation, although it has been in existence for two years. A majority of those who had any basic knowledge about the Pool were vaguely in its favour, but this number, as a percentage of the total, was far too small for any politicians to generalise about the attitude of the French electorate to supra-national projects. True, the M.R.P. still occasionally talk about going to the country on the issue of "Europe," but the threat carries little conviction. Last Sunday, for instance, a by-election took place in the Cantal. Although the E.D.C. debate was at its height, less than 49 per cent. of the electors voted.

RUHR

Stahlhelm Marching Again

A Correspondent in Germany writes: The mining town of Recklinghausen was invaded last week-end by 800 leaders of the Stahlhelm Movement. The place was picked as a deliberate challenge to the trade unions. The Youth Organisation of the Miners' Trade Union protested against the meeting and asked both Herr Arnold, the C.D.U. Premier of Nordrhein-Westfalia, and the S.P.D. mayor of Recklinghausen to prohibit it. But their protests were turned down. The press were excluded most of the time, but they were invited to the main public meeting on Saturday night. Admission was by invitation card only. The Stahlhelm *Ordnungsdienst*, in uniform with jackboots, black trousers, green shirts and military caps, was on duty inside and in front of the hall. The local detective-inspector co-operated with it in expelling Communists who had managed to get hold of invitation cards. The Stahlhelm leaders represented a total membership of 40,000, comprising 14 District Organisations. About one-third of the delegates were in uniform.

The meeting was opened by a Luftwaffe Band in uniform. Two other military bands played in the latter part of the programme. The Fuehrer of the Stahlhelm, ex-Field Marshal Kesselring, then entered and was received with tremendous applause. Next, the old German War Flag was carried into the hall in solemn procession. The meeting was opened by the chairman, Dr. Borchmeyer, who was one of the defence lawyers at the Nuremberg trials. Addressing the meeting, Kesselring denied that the Stahlhelm was a militaristic or reactionary movement. He then turned to the problem of War Criminals. He had a lot of fun with his own case. He proceeded to warn his audience ironically to be on their guard against a dangerous "war criminal" like Kesselring. This was naturally received with tremendous enjoyment. Kesselring completely denied any guilt or wrongdoing of any kind. He demanded at a press conference the immediate release of General Simon and of former General Kurt Meyer, who commanded the S.S. Division "Hitler Jugend" and was sentenced for war crimes against Canadian prisoners of war in Normandy. As justification for his own attitude Kesselring declared: "I was responsible for German soldiers. Their safety was my supreme duty." Having defended the massacre of more than 330 hostages in Rome, he said: "I am seriously worried that the war historian of the future will reproach me in these words: 'Kesselring, you have missed many tactical opportunities through being *too humane* in your attitude.'"

Turning to the international situation, Kesselring claimed that German military formations were indispensable to the West. "The war deeds of Germans have now become the basis of the policy of the Western Powers." This theme was developed later on by Herr Lothar Steuer. "All the Powers had their foreign policy dominated," he said, "by 12 German divisions which only exist on paper so far." The audience shouted with delight.

NEW YORK

East-West Trade

Our New York Correspondent writes: The Americans are relaxing somewhat their previously rigid attitude towards East-West trade. They have now reduced appreciably the embargo list of goods to be withheld from Soviet-Bloc Eastern European nations by countries receiving U.S. aid. The reduction of the list—set up under the Battle Act—is the result of four months of steady pressure by the other fifteen Governments participating in the strategic trade controls system. But there are also indications that the Americans themselves accept the need for greater trade with the East. Harold E. Stassen, the Foreign Operations Administrator, in announcing the relaxations said that they were the result of a "thorough re-appraisal in the light of changing world conditions." In other words, the U.S. Administration recognises that international tensions are not as acute now as they were a year or more ago. Stassen went on to admit that America's allies derived economic benefits from non-military trade with the Soviet Bloc. He also accepted the necessity for West European countries to look where they can for trade, now that U.S. aid is declining.

There are indications that the Americans would not be averse to a boost in their own trade with the East. For domestic political reasons they have to step warily on this issue. But the easing of the United States' own security trade controls with friendly nations, announced the day after the Battle Act relaxations, could also be used as a back-door method of stepping up U.S. trade with Soviet countries. The Commerce Department's positive list of commodities for which validated export licences are required for export to friendly countries has been reduced by half. This positive list has been operated as an unofficial embargo list so far as Communist nations are concerned. While it will still be necessary, as before, for American exporters to obtain a licence to ship *any* goods to the Soviet Bloc, it is thought by traders here that the reduction of the positive list for friendly countries will also increase the chances of obtaining such licences for exports to the East.

Now for the Children!

IN the 1950s, newspaper proprietors seemed to have earned a breather in their long struggle for circulation, money and power. The Northcliffe revolution was completed thirty years ago; Lord Salisbury's proverbial "office boy"—and even office girl—had acquired the newspaper habit. The incidental results of building mass circulation were that most of the old-fashioned papers had disappeared; the bulk of the press had fallen into the hands of a few millionaires; and the political and cultural education of the newly literate masses was left to become the incidental offshoot of the whims of the press barons. The battle continued after the first World War; the proprietors first fought for the control of the provincial press, and then turned their attention to a struggle for increased sales, particularly among women readers.

In the '30s this battle reached the height of absurdity. Millions of pounds were spent on gift schemes which, in the end, were abandoned by agreement because they were a pure waste of money. If you acquired an extra 100,000 readers by giving them artificial silk stockings, that didn't prevent the same readers (who were not really readers at all) switching their interest to your rival's newspaper, which offered shoes or furniture instead of stockings. After 1945, the paper shortage precluded such activities and, in any case, the newspaper market appeared to be saturated. The total circulation of British papers sold every day is about 16 million; while some 30 million copies of Sunday papers are sold each week. In a population of 50 million men, women and children, what more could be expected?

Some people are never satisfied. Huge profits and a circulation of nearly five million were not enough for the *Daily Mirror*. If the women's market was now fully supplied, was there not a gap between the "comics" for seven-year-olds and the adult paper, which the school-leaver nowadays begins to buy? Are schoolboys and schoolgirls adequately served by Mr. Hulton's *Eagle* and *Girl*? What about a *newspaper* for children, an idea conceived by Arthur Mee, but obviously ready for rejuvenation by more up-to-date methods?

Six months ago the project began to take shape in Geraldine House. Like all newspaper secrets it necessarily leaked, if only because advertisers had to be approached. The news reached the ears of Lord Beaverbrook, resting, at the age of 75, in the South of France. The old Crusader immediately leapt to battle, and it is an interesting fact that on the front page of the "dummy" (but not of the publication in its final form) of the *Junior Express* appeared the words "founded by Lord Beaverbrook". Though Lord Beaverbrook recently renounced control of his newspapers, he has lost none of his zest for activity and power. He does not hope, like Lord Northcliffe, to continue control beyond the grave. He has no guarantee that Hannen Swaffer will take down his spirit messages. He must make the best of Fleet Street while he can still command attention there.

On the historic day of September 1, 1954, a new circulation war began. The *Junior Mirror*, with a front page and general make-up that is characteristic of the parent paper, contains news items, but is essentially a topical magazine. It is directed to boys rather than to girls, and it contains its quota of strip cartoons, science fiction, animal stories, an adventure serial and snippets of human interest. Its appeal is particularly to ambition and youthful adventure. It is written by a special staff, who, we feel sure, have taken a great deal of trouble in studying the interests and habits of schoolboys. The *Junior Express*, though similar in its content, and using a second colour, seems intended for rather older children. Indeed, it is more like a less than usually adult issue of the *Daily Express* than a paper written for children. Many of its writers are already familiar names to readers of the *Express*. Like the *Junior Mirror*, in its early issues at any rate, it avoids even a hint of politics or, indeed, of interest in any serious subject.

The details of the first issues, however, are not of much importance. The papers will change, as their editors learn what their readers will most readily buy. That they are likely to be a success is suggested by their huge initial trade orders. When we have allowed for a drop in curiosity sales, we are still left with the probability of a handsome profit and, more important, with the prospect that a considerable part of the younger generation will grow up with the habit of reading a *Mirror* or an *Express*. The *Mirror* prides itself on already having a substantial lead in its appeal to the young. Both proprietorships believe they are building future circulation for the parent papers.

The public will watch this new battle of the giants with a somewhat cynical amusement. We may smile as we recall the loud demands of the daily papers for increased newsprint, so that they could print, at full educational length, the doings of Parliament, and treat seriously the life and death issues of our day. We shall note that in the crucial school days, when efforts are supposed to be made to rouse children's interests in great affairs, and equip them as democratic citizens, it is the newspapers with the greatest mass daily circulation and the highest quota of sensation that seize the opportunity of winning the favour of children. There is no damned nonsense about education here. The thinking public, which has got used to the race between education and newspaper salesmanship, will not be too censorious; it will notice that a rivalry in children's papers is at least more sensible than the idiotic "circulation war" of the 30's, and it will be glad that these new junior papers, the offspring respectively of the less responsible Right and the less responsible Left newspapers, at least avoid those features of cruelty and violence which are so often regarded as the most suitable reading matter for the children of to-day.

The Case for German Neutralisation

"THE COLLAPSE of E.D.C.," we are told, "is the greatest Russian victory since 1945." It certainly is. But how many of the gloomy pundits go on to point out that it is a victory for which the Kremlin can take none of the credit? That is shared between Mr. Acheson and Mr. Dulles, Mr. Morrison and Mr. Eden. It is they who since September, 1950, have disintegrated the Western alliance by trying to strengthen it with twelve German divisions. All the Kremlin has done is to sit tight and profit by their folly.

No one, least of all an Englishman or an American, has the right to blame the French Assembly for delivering the death-blow which finally disposed of E.D.C. This was not a legislative murder, but killing in sheer self-defence. For two whole years an indecent attempt has been made to force France into a monstrous supra-national contraption, which neither Britain nor America was prepared to enter. At the last moment the French people have rebelled against this Anglo-American demand that they should commit national suicide in order to suit our convenience—and that of Dr. Konrad Adenauer. M. Herriot was speaking for the overwhelming majority of his countrymen when he refused to put his country alongside Western Germany inside the cage of E.D.C. Then he issued a solemn warning that the final result of this policy would be to leave the Germans free to walk out of the cage into the arms of the Russians, leaving France locked inside. Though we may all regret that the French Assembly took so long to dispose of E.D.C. we can only heave a sigh of relief that it at last had the courage to do so.

But what next? The European Defence Community was perhaps the least dangerous method of rearming Germany, since its cumbrous supra-national machinery would have delayed, for a few years at any rate, the emergence of a sovereign German State. Any framework for German rearmament which is hastily contrived to replace it will not only make far greater demands on Britain (this time Sir Winston will be unable to cheer the French on from outside), but will contain even fewer safeguards against the emergence of a German national army. Yet apparently it is the intention of London and Washington to create this new framework; and even M. Mendès-France has apparently turned his face against the alternative policy of neutralisation.

I am aware that the overwhelming majority of expert opinion inside the Nato countries shares "Mr. France's" view. It is the fashion now to dismiss neutralisation as either a Russian device for the covert conquest of the whole of Germany or as the impracticable goal of a few well-intentioned but woolly-minded idealists. But now that the realists have made such a mess of their policy, it is surely time to ask ourselves whether neutralisation may not be at least as practicable and at least as advantageous to the West as the present feverish attempts to integrate a rearmed Western Germany into Nato.

Let us first clear our minds about the definition of neutralisation. It is not the same as German neutrality, though of course the neutrality of a reunified Germany guaranteed by both East and West would be one possible way of achieving it. Neutralisation means nothing more than a plan to ensure that German military strength is added neither to the Eastern nor to the Western alliance; and it is worth remembering that nearly all those who now dismiss this policy as totally unrealistic strongly favoured it as late as 1948. In September, 1946, Mr. Byrnes, then Mr. Truman's Secretary of State, made a speech at Stuttgart offering the Russians to neutralise a unified Germany for 25 years; and as far as we know, this offer remained official American policy at least until the

Russian blockade of Berlin. In this speech Mr. Byrnes further proposed that the cession of Koenigsberg to Russia and of the Saar to France should be confirmed, and that the Oder-Neisse line should be ratified in the Peace Treaty. He went on to outline a plan for a central German administration, supported by a National Council composed of the Minister-Presidents of the Provinces in all four Zones; and he summed up his plan in these words:

> In proposing that the four major Powers should jointly undertake to see that Germany is kept disarmed and demilitarised for a generation, the U.S. was not unmindful of the responsibility resting upon it and its allies to maintain and enforce peace under law. Freedom from militarisation will give the German people the opportunity, if they will but seize it, to apply their great energies and abilities to the works of peace.

At the time, this American plan for German neutralisation was contemptuously dismissed by Stalin, who was still playing for higher stakes. Now something strangely similar is proposed by Mr. Molotov, and the West implacably turns it down.

The reason for this complete reversal of positions is clear. So long as the Soviet Union was hoping to profit by American isolationism and to bring Western Germany, and indeed all Western Europe, within its orbit, neutralisation was too moderate a policy to satisfy its ambitions. Since the formation of Nato—and, even more, since America rearmed and decided to wage the Cold War—it is the West which has conceived the ambition to win the whole of Germany, and ultimately the whole of Eastern Europe, to its side. Driven on the defensive, the Russians have correspondingly moderated their aims—and now favour a neutral Germany with a very small army of her own.

The real objection in Washington and Bonn to neutralisation, therefore, is not that it would "favour Russia" but that it would create a powerful obstacle to the eventual liberation of Eastern Europe, including, of course, the lost German provinces beyond the Oder-Neisse line. This was made quite clear in the course of the Berlin Conference, where the three Western Powers made it clear that they would consider no plan for German unification which did not permit the new central German government (i) to join Nato and (ii) to demand a revision of the Oder-Neisse line.

The first question we have to ask ourselves, therefore, is whether the West has been wise to discard the modest aims proclaimed in 1946 and to set itself the grandiose goal of integrating Western Germany into the Atlantic alliance, then adding the Eastern Zone of Germany to that alliance, and finally liberating Eastern Europe. Would it really benefit either the U.S. or France or Britain if a Greater German Reich were once again created? And furthermore, if we give the West Germans sovereignty and encourage them to revive their national ambitions, can we be sure they will remain our faithful partners when they realise, as some of them are already realising, that the Russians have far more to offer them than we do? At the very least it must be admitted that the effort to add German military strength to the Western alliance is fraught with danger. By attempting it since 1950, we have not only excluded a peaceful settlement with the Russians but imperilled Western unity as well. Now, if E.D.C. Mark II is successful, we shall re-create a Germany able once again to exploit its balancing position between East and West.

These dangers would not be denied, at least, by Mr. Eden and M. Mendès-France. But they would probably say, "How can we turn back now that we have gone so far down this admittedly dangerous road? The Bonn Government cannot be put back where it was in 1949, and if we tried to do so, we should throw the Germans into the arms of the Russians." This assertion flies in the face of every known fact about the state of public opinion in Western Germany. It is simply not true that the average German is enthusiastic for E.D.C. and for rearmament. On the contrary, every public opinion poll has made it clear that enthusiasm for E.D.C. is confined to relatively small circles of Catholics and European Federalists. Both the Nationalists on the Right and the Socialists on the Left desire to avoid any irrevocable commitments to the West; and even such sober observers as Dr. Heinrich Brüning have recently shown themselves critical of any agreement with the Atlantic Powers which could hamper later negotiations with Russia. In fact, as Dr. Adenauer knows only too well, German opinion is becoming more neutralist with every month that passes. If Britain and America were now to agree to another Four-Power conference and there propose the postponement of West German rearmament in return for Russian concessions on the issue of free elections, they would certainly finish off Dr. Adenauer, but they would also meet with overwhelming approval from German public opinion. We have learnt to our cost this week that Frenchmen are not prepared to make sacrifices of sovereignty in order to suit British and American convenience. We shall learn the same about Germans in the next few weeks if Washington and London continue to attempt to "free" Bonn and then to bend it to their will.

The beginning of sanity is to realise that for four years (ever since the Acheson-Bevin-Schuman conference of September, 1950) we have been marching down a *cul-de-sac*. Now we must either let the Germans break down the wall at the end of the road, or retrace our steps and resume the policy which we abruptly abandoned in the panic mood of the Korean war. In France this decision would transform pessimism and defeatism into jubilant self-confidence overnight. In Western Germany few tears would be shed outside Dr. Adenauer's personal entourage. Mr. Churchill would do well to sit down and re-read the Stuttgart speech in the light of his own proposal for a "Locarno arrangement" to guarantee Russia against aggression. Many of the details of the Byrnes plan have been outdated, but the main framework is as sensible today as it was when he first published it. It is for those who dismiss neutralisation today to explain exactly what has happened between 1946 and 1954 to make them change their minds just when Mr. Molotov seems to be coming round to their view and to be willing to consider practical plans for peaceful co-existence in Europe.

The lesson of the lost battle for E.D.C. is that there was no way of rearming the Germans which Frenchmen could freely accept. And now that E.D.C. is finished, there will be no way of limiting German rearmament which Bonn will accept! If Britain and America continue their effort to win Germany to their side instead of neutralising her military strength, the disruption of Nato will continue; the West will inflict on itself defeat after defeat, and the Russians will sit on the sideline enjoying the spectacle.

R. H. S. Crossman

Between the Devil and the E.D.C.

London Diary

I HAVE been asked many questions about last week's editorial in this journal about the Tate Gallery. The most important is whether "the row" has not been "worked up" by a small group of people with grievances or, perhaps, special views about art. I can kill that suggestion completely and finally. Art theories have nothing to do with the matter one way or another, and most of the people I know who have publicly or privately expressed concern about the Tate have no conceivable axe to grind. Perhaps I can most effectively illustrate this by referring to the deputation that waited on Mr. R. A. Butler last May. This deputation was mainly concerned with the recent events connected with Mr. Le Roux S. Le Roux's departure from the Gallery, but I understand that it ranged much further than that. It consisted of Lord Jowitt, an ex-chairman of the Trustees, three other Peers (Lords Harlech, Kinnaird and Methuen), Mr. Graham Sutherland (until his recent resignation, Senior Trustee) and Mr. Denis Mahon, an acknowledged and independent expert. None of these people could conceivably be regarded as personally involved or prejudiced.

* * *

I got the chance, the other day, of a long talk with the six representatives of "Soviet Youth" who are over here as guests of the Quaker "Young Friends' Committee." Their visit is a novelty, since, instead of going round with a Communist conductor, they have been staying, singly or in pairs, in the private homes of English Quakers. They have talked, in their own English, with workers in Sheffield and Leeds, climbed Langdale Pike, become excited over the home of Shakespeare in Stratford-on-Avon, and taken more than a superficial glance at Leicester, Cambridge, and other places. They have certainly picked up more information here than is usually possible for Russian visitors to England—certainly more than British visitors usually do in Russia. Our discussion got rather bogged down at one point, because somebody or other mentioned the Iron Curtain. They declared there was no such thing, and cited, in justification, that many delegations have been recently going to Russia, while as many as 2,500 Finnish youths had been spending a holiday there. I found it impossible to explain to them that the existence of organised delegations meant that there were holes in the Curtain; not that it did not exist. They seemed not able to imagine a situation in which individuals just got into a train or boat and went to any country they liked, or stayed in the homes of friends abroad without official sanction. But it is certainly good if there is a new policy of sending groups to Quaker or other peace-loving people here; one can be sure then that, however, firmly indoctrinated our visitors are, they will at least go back to Russia knowing that there is another point of view than their own.

* * *

I am glad to read Harrison Salisbury's report in Sunday's *New York Times* that the famous Russian collection of Impressionist paintings is once again open to the public. Years before the war, I remember seeing these superb Picassos, Matisses and Cézannes in the special museum of Western Art in Moscow. (I had to make quite a fuss to reach it; my guide thought that we ought only to be interested in factories, crèches, and workers' rest-homes.) Closed during the war, the museum was not reopened, and in the days of Zhdanov and the anti-cosmopolites the pictures were stored away in the Hermitage at Leningrad. Now, the Soviet Government has decided to open the collection to the public again. I agree with Salisbury that this doesn't show that Malenkov has suddenly become a convert to bourgeois art. It does mean, as Salisbury sensibly points out, that the Kremlin no longer believes in hiding away world-famous treasures "simply because the official ideological line may point in a different direction."

* * *

An editorial footnote in this journal last week referred to a remarkable book recently published by Giulio Einaudi, the Turin publisher who has done so much to restore life to Italian publishing after twenty years of Fascism. It is *Lettere di Condannati a Morte della Resistenza Europea*, with a preface by Thomas Mann. These letters written by men and women of sixteen countries on the point of execution are terrible to read, but, I'm told by a friend who has studied them, they are seldom depressing. The scraps of paper smuggled out of Gestapo gaols, the pathetic scratchings left on the walls of Polish prisons, the farewells literally written in blood: time after time, these documents rise splendidly above their circumstances, and testify to an underlying unity of faith. Nowadays it is the generals of Hitler's cosmopolitan gang of ruffians, the S.S., who claim that they "first united Europe": the truth, of course, is that Europe was first and unforgettably united in resisting Nazi invasion. Here, for those who doubt it or prefer to forget it, is the evidence—from the Soviet Union at one end to France at the other, from Norway to Greece, Yugoslavia, and the rest, in words written by Catholics and Communists, atheists, liberals, Socialists, and people who were none of these things but knew only the need to act as they did. And not the least memorable aspect of this collection is its inclusion of twenty-six letters written by Germans.

* * *

I was not surprised to hear an old member of the Sadler's Wells Ballet company, who started a dancing career on thirty shillings a week in the mid-Thirties, express herself in strong sympathy with the nine dancers of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet who asked for an increase of thirty shillings on their £7 a week salary. This £7 is the Equity minimum for the cheapest dancer in the cheapest show. "In my time," she said, "even when I rose to the full £2 10s a week, living in a flat in London was not so easy, and a good meal from a boy friend was of more importance than he ever knew. But now that the company is subsidised and, as always, highly successful, dancers who must spend two or three years longer than a doctor on their training, and whose career will last twenty years if they are lucky, should not be expected to live on minimum wages. It is a tough life for, unlike that of the actor, ballet requires a daily class to maintain the standard of dancing. This very often means a twelve-hour working day. The fact that this junior company has stood out and refused to sign their new season's contracts till important changes were made or accepted as under discussion between Equity and the management, is an event in British ballet history, where till now the dancers have always, for reasons of inertia, despondency or general disaffection, been quite unable to bring themselves together for any concerted effort that might better their conditions.

* * *

I am delighted to learn from a correspondent that girls are not so different from boys when it comes to what magistrates call "obscenity." My correspondent says that even if the *Decameron* and *Canterbury Tales* were banned, children would still fall back on the Bible. "I remember the hilarious scripture lessons we had in our girls' school when we passed little scraps of paper round with notes on them such as Genesis 38, 9, or Genesis 19, 33/4. . . ." My school memories are similar. We looked up words in Liddell and Scott that were not really necessary unless we were translating Aristophanes; we found it possible, by a slight alteration of the modern pronunciation, to make a joke of the first line of the first Book of Horace's Odes, *Maecenas atavis*. . . . Indeed, there is almost nothing which cannot be made smut by minds already smutty. "You can't keep the crows out," Desmond McCarthy once wrote, "by shutting the garden gate." And, anyway, what harm did the smut do any of us?

* * *

No, said Mr. Park, there was nothing remarkable about picking peas in the garden in the last days of August; he had done it in October before now. Mr. Park, like the weather man, never allows you to claim any kind of record. We were standing in the first blazing sun of the year. He said: "The weather people on the B.B.C. would do better to stick to the old methods. It is the change of wind that beats them every time." "What are the old methods?" I asked. "Well, you can mostly tell whether it will rain or not by the wind on Quarter Day. It doesn't shift much in the three months afterwards." "Well," I said, "this beats St. Swithin! Do you mean that the wind always stays for the next three months where it happened to be on Lady Day, at Midsummer, Michaelmas, and Christmas?" "Yes," said Mr. Park, "from that direction or thereabouts."

CRITIC

A SAD CASE

Why should an old lady,
How could an old lady
Be made an example
And had up in court?
Her character blameless,
Her life far from aimless,
With evidence ample
Of means of support?

For not while shoplifting
Or homelessly drifting,
The constable caught her,
But taking a ride.
Her dimness of vision
Had caused a collision,
So, charged with manslaughter
She went to be tried.

Infirm, weak and ailing,
With faculties failing,
She frankly admitted
Her eyesight was bad.
The lady when taken
Was seriously shaken—
She had to be pitied,
Her case was so sad.

Uncertain when steering,
At times hard of hearing,
Affected with blindness,
To fainting-fits prone—
Speed limits, she pleaded
She had not exceeded,
So should not some kindness,
Some lenience be shown?

This muddled old lady,
Not fuddled old lady
Had certainly never
Been inside a bar.
To age and affliction
She owed her conviction,
But why was she ever
In charge of a car?

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

I went into a shop intending to buy some cheese. Seeing some flies hovering around the uncovered cheese I spoke to the assistant and was surprised to be told: "They are fresh flies. They were not there yesterday."—Letter in *Star*. (John D. Goodman.)

Could a test-tube baby have a soul? I believe we have tried God's patience long enough.—Letter in *Daily Sketch*. (Patricia Beer.)

Nine-year-old Sean Gilligan is regarded as a professional athlete by the Amateur Athletic Association because he won £1 in a schoolboys' race. The money prize bars him for life by the A.A.A. He can apply for reinstatement of amateur status, but an official of Northern Counties A.A.A. headquarters said yesterday: "We cannot promise it will be restored."—*Sunday Express*. (L. Morris.)

At first I had fears that commercial television in Britain might reflect certain of the rather deplorable tendencies I have seen in other countries, but now, after wise legislation, I feel happier. I am confident that if any coarse vulgarity was introduced here our typical British good taste would immediately recoil from it.—Speech reported in *Manchester Guardian*. (Eileen M. Blackall.)

Dolly, the horse whose sight was restored two months ago after an operation paid for by donations from all over England, will go to church tomorrow to "give thanks" at a pet service.—*Daily Mail*. (G. C. Lepman.)

Explosion in Brazil

SHOTS in *El Palacio Catete* in Rio de Janeiro, which ended the life of Getulio Vargas, prove how seriously sick Latin America is. What happened in Rio de Janeiro is much more than the last act of the fight for power between Brazil's strong man, who, having towered over Brazil since 1930, was democratically elected President in 1950, and the Brazilian military, the traditional force in this country's politics. Whether or not one accepts Vargas's posthumous version of the drama, in which he asserted that his personal defeat was brought about by a powerful coalition of international and domestic enemies, it is clear that Brazil's last President became a victim of the conflicting forces which are shaking the whole of Latin America.

Brazil's economic health has never been outstanding, since no country can exist by producing raw materials and a few crops, and at the same time industrialise itself without outside help, at a pace set by Brazil's ambitions. If one leaves aside the far-away years of the Great Depression, the really bad times began for Brazil some five years ago, when the first post-war slump visited Latin America. But the reasons for today's difficulties are still deeper. Brazil's dynamic will to grow is constricted by her actual poverty (the *per capita* income in Brazil is one of the lowest in the Western Hemisphere) and by her dependence on income from raw material exports and foreign capital. So, in the post-war period, she tried a very risky method of stimulating her growth by inflationary methods. All stress was put on industrialisation, and the traditional agricultural sector of the economy was treated only as a source of foreign exchange without which no industrialisation would have been possible.

Burdened by her past backwardness and pre-war indebtedness, Brazil needed foreign exchange not only to service the foreign capital, but to provide the country with means of industrial growth. Being a country with underdeveloped sources of power, lacking for all practical purposes oil, coal and hydro-electric energy, and greatly handicapped in field of transportation, Brazil had to import year after year growing quantities of fuel, transportation equipment and raw materials, all of which were a prerequisite to steady economic growth. The experience of the last few years has proved that the overall burden was too heavy. Exports were not large enough to cover the necessary imports; the expected international or private foreign help did not come; domestic inflation, which made the rich richer and the poor poorer, destroyed the possibility of a stable growth, and the country started to slide downhill with terrifying speed.

When, in 1950, Vargas, skilfully using the prevailing social unrest, won elections by an appeal to the interests of the working masses, the country was not too far from economic ruin; and it can now be seen that the four years of Vargas's second administration consisted of a sequence of attempts to patch things up against the heaviest odds. There were at least five powerful forces, trying to push the country in opposite directions. First, there was the new capitalist and managerial class, ruthless in its drive for industrialisation and claiming that the working masses must foot the bill for this noble and patriotic venture. Secondly, there was the growing industrial proletariat, which expected from the former dictator some form of Peronist reforms. Thirdly, the military and bureaucracy were interested in positions of privilege and in keeping the balance of power between the first two groups. Fourthly came the internationally minded (and U.S.-backed) old-school financiers, bent upon "opening up" the country still more to the big international monopolies. The fifth force, the Catholic Church, tried in turn to act as arbiter between various camps and as a brake on the radicalisation of the urban population under the spur of inflation.

Mixing demagogy and nationalism, Vargas succeeded for over three years in keeping in check all the domestic factions. At the same time, by giving complete support to U.S. international policy and by actively fighting Communism in his own country, he secured both limited economic help from outside and U.S. toleration for such economic policies as oil nationalisation. By this skilful game, Vargas weathered all the economic and political storms of 1950 to 1952. But the effects of deteriorating domestic conditions and of the adverse international economic situation throughout Latin America were accumulating all the time.

The year 1953 was a very bad one; and by the end of the year Brazil faced a staggering commercial deficit—due in part to bad weather, which ruined a large part of the coffee crop. Inflation was ravaging the country; the cost of living was by then more than twice as high as at the beginning of the preceding year, while wages and salaries had remained unchanged. Rio de Janeiro, São Paolo and other industrial centres were the scene of almost continuous strikes and demonstrations. The much-expected U.S. financial help was cut off suddenly at the end of July, 1953, when the Joint Brazil-U.S. Development Commission, which had been set up in December, 1950, was closed down by the new Republican Administration in Washington. The Commission, which was the biggest "Point Four" operation in South America, had been concerned chiefly with the development of transportation, electric power and agriculture, the three weakest sectors of the Brazilian economy. The concrete results, however, were meagre: although the Commission approved schemes involving U.S. loans of $380 m., the sum actually lent during the Commission's existence amounted only to $150 m. In the middle of 1953, after all imports (investment goods and machinery included) had been curtailed drastically, it became clear that the future of Brazil's industrialisation plan was extremely doubtful. By an act of palpable economic despair, Vargas brought back into the Government a long-retired Brazilian "economic wizard," Osvaldo Aranha, his right hand in times of dictatorship. Sr. Aranha was charged with salvaging what could be salvaged in all the circumstances. But it is questionable whether any economic genius could by then have successfully controlled the deteriorating situation.

The first six months of 1954 gave an answer to the question whether the applied "corrective measures" would work in time. They did not. Inflation and social unrest were increasing. The $300 m. credit extended by U.S. Export-Import Bank for the purpose of paying part of the Brazilian commercial debts in the U.S. did not help much. Due to the curtailment of imports, shortages appeared in many industries, including ironically enough, the rubber industry. The increased coffee crop did not help much, because the U.S. stopped buying Brazilian coffee after its price had sky-rocketed in the spring of 1954. Even when the "economic wizard" was running the whole economic sector of the Administration—a *de facto* Prime Minister, Minister of Finance and Minister of Agriculture—no miracle took place. Vargas had less and less room for manœuvre. Conflicts between different Brazilian factions were becoming sharper and sharper; and the date of the new Parliamentary elections, which had been set for October 3, was fast approaching.

What Vargas did this May and June, and what eventually brought on his defeat and his death, was probably what any Brazilian statesman, resolute to keep power, would have done. In need of mass support, he turned to the Left, doubling by the Presidential Decree at the beginning of June the minimum legal wage and substantially increasing social security benefits. This brought about the stiffest battle in Brazilian history between industrial and business circles and the President. Even before the Decree was made public, Vargas was accused of conspiring a year ago with President Peron of Argentina against Brazil's national interests. Although the attempts to impeach Vargas before the Brazilian Congress and to force him to resign failed and although the business and industrial forces also lost the fight in the Brazilian Supreme Court against the Decree itself, the President's flirtation with the masses was too dangerous to be tolerated. The press and radio campaign against Vargas reached heights of bitterness unknown in any of the country's previous political campaigns.

Then, on August 5, there occurred the unsuccessful attempt on the life of one of Vargas's most vociferous critics and political opponents. It ended with the death of a young and unknown Air Force officer. It is immaterial whether the late President's *entourage* knew about or planned the crime. In any circumstances the event worked not against the opposition, but against the President himself. It became easy now to convince the wavering forces of the Church and the not yet committed military that Vargas was proceeding to take power again into his own hands and to run the country dictatorially as he had done between 1930 and 1945. He now seemed more dangerous than in the past, because this time he was really bidding for the support of the dissatisfied urban population, whereas in the past his power was checked by the power of the Army behind him. A few days after the death of the young Air Force officer, the Archbishop of Rio de Janeiro, Cardinal Camara, and the Chief of Brazilian Air Force, Gen. Gomes, who had been Vargas's opponent in the 1950 Presidential election attended the solemn

mass in his memory. That gesture made the issue clear. The Church and the military joined the industrialists and the businessmen against the President. Vargas was through. The suicide in *El Palacio Catete* twelve days later was no more than the epilogue. MICHAEL WIONCZEK

Thoughts in the Wilderness

GREY EMINENCES

MR. C. P. SNOW'S novel about the atomic scientists, *The New Men*, had been hiding itself beneath a lot of newer books, so I have only just finished reading it. A curious novel, it seems to me; very intelligent throughout and sharply perceptive here and there; but chilly and spectral, as if the bombs these fellows were about to make had all gone off, London and the Home Counties were a graveyard, and we were all flitting from one committee of ghosts to another. I do not know if Mr. Snow, who usually knows what he is about, intended to create such a cold grey atmosphere, and it is not my purpose here to decide that or to criticise him. But as I read him I began to be haunted by a query that has not left me yet and that might be worth some brief examination. To some readers, no doubt, this query and all I say about it will seem fanciful, but before such readers pass on to chew and digest stronger meat, I would ask them to remember the strange character of our age, how it refuses to be explained by any amount of 19th-century political theory. Indeed, most of our chief mistakes have probably been the result of this inadequate and outworn theorising. We need Dr. Jung, not the ghost of Lord Morley.

While still feeling repelled by the chill greyness Mr. Snow discovered for me, I began to wonder about these new men of his, now exercising such power over us, incidentally without having received any mandate from most of us. (Those who condemn mankind for being so wickedly aggressive might remember that no representative bodies of citizens anywhere have ever demanded that atomic and hydrogen bombs should be manufactured and used. They are here not because we are like wolves but because we are more like hypnotised sheep. Our grandfathers would have destroyed any government that behaved so monstrously.) I asked myself if these were the sort of men who should have so much power. Of course scientists outside their laboratories are varied types, ranging from thin-lipped high priests to roaring double-whisky boys. But it may be that a certain type, with a certain background, may tend to prevail among them, as Mr. Snow, perhaps unconsciously, suggests; and about this type I have some doubts. I do not know that I want our lives to be shaped by him. He does not seem to me the man for the job.

He is now, we will say (without having any actual physicist in mind), Sir Nuclear Fission, and we are shown press photographs of him about to climb into an airplane that will take him to some distant explosion, and in these photographs he can even wear a grin, though what he has to grin about is a mystery to me, for his are antics about which it would be better to keep a straight face. Now let us go back, hazarding guesses not entirely without foundation but still with no actual man in mind. Nuclear is born of shop-and-chapel people in one of the dingier suburbs of South London, Birmingham, Manchester, one of those Late Victorian wildernesses of trams and soot, cheap sweets and racing papers. In some grim secondary school, looking like a boot factory, he gobbles up all the general and scientific education offered him, a determined and not very companionable lad, perhaps cut off from boys' games and nonsense by a studious disposition, short sight, and a desire not to be a grumbling failure like his father. In intellect he is already beyond his age, but in the richness, variety, colour and tang of boyhood experience he is well behind it. He has some suspicion of this, but is not worried about it, for life will really begin somewhere else, far from these familiar shabby streets.

He wins a scholarship that at least enables him to exist, if not to live, at a university, where again, free from so many temptations to make a gorgeous ass of himself, he soon learns all that his professors can teach him and is regarded as a brilliant man, which indeed from one point of view he undoubtedly is. He has few friends, and those few are of his own sort, to whom Science offers a chance to forget the profound dissatisfactions of daily life. In one world he is a rather seedy shy youth, hurrying from digs to lab, whereas in the other, with its glittering palaces of intellectual certainties, its beckoning vistas of unconquered provinces, he is a proud young prince. It is now about 1930, a lean time, which awards him a badly paid assistant-professorship in another university, a gloomy red-brick job. The odds are that he lives in uncomfortable digs, a long tram-ride from anything that looks like civilisation, nourishes himself chiefly on stewed tea, weak coffee, dry sandwiches, shepherd's pie, prunes and custard, and smokes a mixture of tobacco dust and saltpetre. While he is beginning to explore the atom —and we must not deny him the magic of that experience—the primroses are thick in the lanes, the bluebells glimmer and fade in the woods, nightingales sing to the moon, lovely girls loll among kingcups, the fish are rising in distant lakes, ancient bar parlours are dark and cool in hot noons, lucky men are staring at strange beautiful eyes above decanters of Chambertin, old rogues in country houses have filled themselves with sirloin and cheese soufflé and are now lighting *Partagas* on the terrace; but all this is happening a long way from Dr. N. Fission, who, outside his lab and the common room, is living the life of an ant in a dustbin.

However, disregarding the claims of the frustrated senses, he makes progress in his work, perhaps driven all the harder by a certain mysterious bitterness. Finally, when a small team of first-class research men is needed for top-secret-highest - priority - hush - hush - between - these-four-walls-old-man work, Fission is demanded. He is now, at last, coming into his kingdom. He leaves his dingy suburban digs and lecture rooms and labs and baked beans on toast and crowded buses and wet raincoats and urban squalor, and is taken into the country. But only to disappear into a compound, not unlike a small prisoner-of-war camp. Indeed, he might be said to be a prisoner-of-war, but of course he is better paid and more comfortable than he was, can afford such luxuries and entertainment, no doubt, as he needs. Perhaps by this time he is married. Now —young feminine readers please note (what a shame if I have none!)—much depends on Mrs. Fission. Let us hope she was not one of his third-year students and his female counterpart but, by a lucky chance, a sumptuous lass, with a rich sensuous nature, much subtlety and witchcraft, a passion for the fruits of the earth and making love. If she is, she can teach him to appreciate and feel a tenderness for actual warm breathing life, the feathers and fur and hair of living creatures. She can restore to him that natural piety of feeling he lost so long ago.

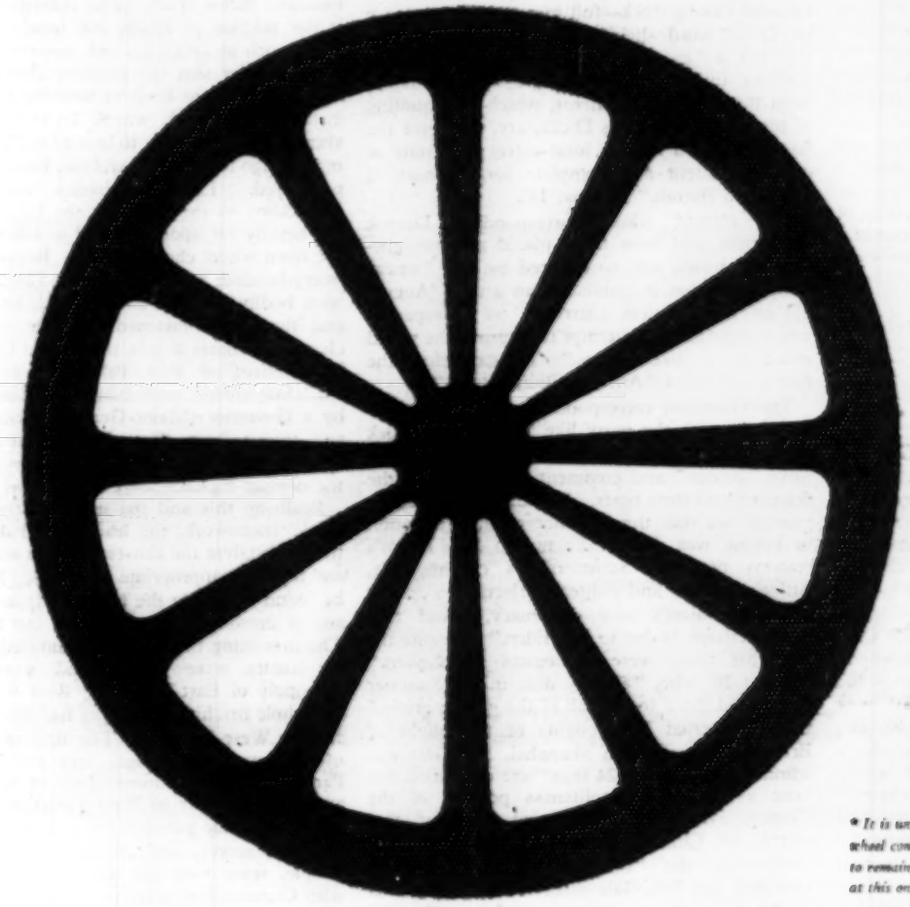
If his wife cannot do it, or if there is no woman with him, then there is a danger that Sir Nuclear, as he is now, will bring to the tasks he has been given, to the power he now possesses, a temperament that has been warped by frustration, a mind that is brilliant but unbalanced and that moves almost entirely among abstractions which seem to have more essential reality, to be closer to the heart of things, than the daylight outside, the trees and the grass, the living forms. Such a man, all by way of doing his duty, might get up to anything. Indeed, as we know only too well, though most of us probably do not know the half of it yet, he has.

This is not an attack on Science, nor even on most scientists. I am not saying that Sir Nuclear, the bad case, is a worse human being than the rest of us are. In many respects he is much better. His industry, his patience, his skill, his single-minded and selfless devotion to his work, might easily make us feel small and frivolous. Nevertheless, through no fault of his own, he may prove to be one of the most dangerous members of our society just because he has now so much power and has arrived at it in such an arid, chill and frustrating fashion. The earth and its living creatures may not be real to him. He has been compelled to starve both his senses and his imagination. He can easily undervalue life because he has never really lived it. He may indeed secretly dislike what he knows of it, as we might too in his place. After all, what has the world, as revealed to the senses, offered him? So, though the sensualist may ruin himself, this non-sensualist may ruin a continent. He could blunder into it because, strictly speaking, he does not know what he is doing. In the largest possible meaning of the term, he is out of touch. So, in the most helpful fashion, as a good citizen, he will suggest devices that make our blood run cold. But then his blood is already cold.

Every Sunday, from ten thousand pulpits, people are still being warned against the snares of the senses as if they were not weary tractor drivers and anæmic housewives but Caliphs of Baghdad who had only to clap their hands to start illimitable orgies. Too many of our theologians and moralists, forgetting this is another age, another climate, have imaginations still haunted by glaring Eastern suns, troupes of painted dancing girls, rose petals snowing on the wine jars, Dionysian debaucheries, temples of Astoreth, altars and fires of Baal and Moloch. There is more danger now from senses that are starved rather than overindulged, from a lack of a richly sensuous way of living, from thin cold temperaments bred in our warrens of cement, with no natural feeling for all that is warm and alive, with no imagination, no gratitude, no tenderness for life. We must beware the revenge of the starved senses, the embittered animal in its prison. Turn from the ten thousand pulpits to the ten million copies of the popular Sunday Press: its gross sensationalism, to which so much dignity and decency are sacrificed, responds to a need that is rooted in this feeling of frustration, felt by people in the urban mass who, acting as a crowd, a public, make demands they would still be ashamed to make in their own private lives. If they have to count the tears of the murderer's mother, or look at the legs of the victim's widow, or have some poor wretch hounded into a hospital or asylum, we must remember these people have been cut off from so much, lack so many primary satisfactions. They have been herded away from the rich, warm stream of life. You can have a refrigerator, a washing machine, an electric toaster, a TV set, and still be in prison.

At the same time we may be producing, out of these faceless ranks, more and more men of excep-

A lot of spokes in our wheel*



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tional ability, like our scientist, who fill positions of importance, obtain influence and power, as politicians, bureaucrats, planners, business executives, strategists, propagandists, and who seize this power all the more avidly because there is so little else in their lives. Many of them will be hopelessly one-sided, over-developed simply as brain workers and miserably under-developed as experiencing sympathetic natures. They have knowledge without a correspondence level of being. They exist almost entirely in a barren middle ground, being neither good animals nor lovers, poets, sages, seers. They understand graphs, statistics, plans, public opinion reports, but not the life of man. Already some of them are compressing the structure of our lives and draining the colour out of them. Give others a little more time and rope, and those of us who are left will all live underground, below plains of concrete where not one bird sings, doing our best to get along with dwarfs, giants and brand-new experimental types (*Worker, Class D.5*) with pointed heads and eight arms.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

So They Say . . .

A GALLUP POLL, published in the *News Chronicle* on the morning that the Labour Party delegation arrived in Peking, showed that twice as many people approved the visit as criticised it. For the past two weeks, the British press has recognised what the *Daily Mail* called "the world-wide controversy and interest" aroused by the first high-level mission from the West to reach the Forbidden City, and has kept the story on Page One. The *Daily Sketch*, the only newspaper to denounce the journey in the same terms as the American press (whose attacks filled forty columns of the *Congressional Record* on August 18), naturally took least notice of the delegation's activities and speeches; the *Mirror*, which had to depend, like the *Chronicle* and *Mail*, on agency despatches, printed short but fair reports; and the *Chronicle* itself, preoccupied by scooping the *Express* with the Maclean story, has been content with routine summaries.

For the other dailies, however, the visit has yielded excellent copy. Seven journalists accompanied the party, and *The Times*, *Guardian*, *Express*, *Telegraph*, *Herald* and *Worker* have all carried first-hand accounts from their own correspondents. Some of these have been angered by the delegation's decision to have as little contact as possible with its fellow-travellers from Fleet Street—an irritation perhaps stimulated by the competition of "amateur" articles in both the *Telegraph* and *Reynolds* from the pen of Morgan Phillips. Rene MacColl in the *Express* (August 27) wrote: "There is deep disquiet over Morgan Phillips' gag-the-press rule. . . . His not-so-merry men have been telling me things off the record that make me think that Phillips and his gag are not really too popular with what may be described as the P.B.I. of this outfit." This cryptic remark came two days after another which made one wonder whether or not Mr. MacColl was on speaking terms with the official party.

> Needless to say, this information did not come from the Socialist delegates, who preserved their usually tight-lipped silence, but from other sources that are completely reliable. (August 25).

It must have been similar sources that told John Ridley, of the *Telegraph*, ("back in China after eight years"), that all the White Russian girls in the Shanghai night-clubs (only four, open to 11 p.m., serving tea, no floor-shows) had been rounded up and held in custody until the party left as "it was feared that they might publicly criticise the regime if given the slightest encouragement." (August 28).

The colourful reception given the Labour mission naturally gave chances to those correspondents who wanted to show that the "Attlee trippers" (*Express* editorial, August 24) were being too well dined and successfully duped by "The Red Mandarin" (*Mail*, August 26). The long accounts of fabulous banquets on sharks' fins and Peking duck—full menus at elevenpence per cabled word—helped give the impression that this was a "gastronomical adventure." (*Herald Tribune* quoted in the *Telegraph*.) Quotation from the New York *Mirror*, which was quoting in turn from Webster's Dictionary, also gave the *Express* a good line on lotus-eaters: "a state of dreamy content and complete forgetfulness of home and friends" (August 18).

The *Herald*, whose correspondent, Deryck Winterton, had been filing placid and straightforward stories, was so angered by this "smear campaign" that it published an attack (August 27) on the "witless scurrility" of newspapers which reported "an attempt to improve the world situation . . . like a circus." The day before, the *Express* spoke of "Attlee in Blunderland."

The *Guardian* correspondent, Mr. Gale, trailing along with the party like a dyspeptic Greek chorus, produced daily reports that skilfully interwove "colour" and comment with gibes at the delegates and their hosts. The day he arrived, he pointed out that the presence of the delegation in Peking was due ". . . not to Mr. Bevan's oratory, nor Dr. Summerskill's charms, Mr. Attlee's silences and polite interjections . . . but to Communism's new diplomacy. And that itself, perhaps, is due to Mr. Eden." Despite the fact that these were "delegates in blinkers" (August 20) who, "as they dine in the Summer Palace and listen to the call of the golden oriole," were unworried by thoughts of the plight of British businessmen in Shanghai, Mr. Gale was admitting by August 24 that "the delegation has been as critical as politeness permits of the Chinese system of government and, for that matter, of Chinese industrialisation." In four short days the "blinkers" must have been removed, for Mr. Gale assured his readers that if the delegation reaches any understanding "it does so with its eyes open and not blindly."

From the various reports, it is possible to piece together a picture of the mission's activities that is reasonably coherent and informative, though only *The Times* and the *Herald* correspondents consistently strained for accuracy rather than effect. The *Worker* staff man, Sam Russell, took time off for little homilies and for a sensational piece ("Yanks step up Formosa threat") the day after the Labour group saw Mao Tse-tung. *The Times* correspondent, who had gone up from Singapore, and who had been in China four years previously, was less concerned than other old China hands among his colleagues to rub salt in old sores. Where the whole group reported favourably on China's improved hygiene ("no flies") he tried to assess the social and industrial progress since he had left. His story of British business in Shanghai, for instance—"the period of difficulties for these firms now seems to be ending" (August 28)—contrasted with the tales of woe in the *Telegraph* and *Guardian*, summarised by the latter's phrase: "No chop chop along the Bund" (August 28). Less concerned with Chinese cuisine, and more concerned to assess the facts, *The Times* man concluded (August 28): "For one who left the turmoil of revolution four years ago it is the order, the understanding, the evident acceptance of the new paths which seems most apparent."

QUEEQUEG

Repairs in Progress

PAKISTAN, undergoing urgent repairs, is in no condition to contribute much to American military plans; and, as it is a civilian machine that is out of gear, military aid is of little avail at the moment. As much as anything, Pakistan resembles a bicycle with its huge wheels over a thousand miles apart. The connecting crossbar is the religion of Islam; but none of the other parts, such as language and customs, match. It is no wonder that the machine develops strains and is difficult to keep in working order. For instance, the back wheel, East Pakistan, has always had a tendency to lean to the Left. A few months ago it started to wobble, buckled, and was punctured. Local mechanics attributed the breakdown to the fact that the back wheel was too heavily sat upon and had to follow wherever the front wheel chose to lead. Repair work was heavy-handed, to say the least. Hub and spokes were bodily removed and replaced by tank treads and the whole fastened together with a steel clamp. In other words, the elected United Front Government of East Pakistan was dismissed, wholesale arrests were made and autocratic rule by a Governor (Major-General Iskander Mirza) and troops from West Pakistan was imposed. Obviously the machine will not run freely until the normal Parliamentary mechanism is restored.

Realising this and the need to strengthen the whole framework, the leaders of Pakistan have tried to analyse the causes of stress and weakness and to devise appropriate measures. Means must be found to enable the two wheels to run evenly and in unison, before the brake can be released. The first thing they had to acknowledge was that the faults were shared and were not the monopoly of East Pakistan. Rust had corroded the whole machine and dents had become noticeable in West Pakistan. The first suspicion was of Communist sabotage; and the Communist Party was banned, immediately in East Pakistan and more recently in West Pakistan. The great round-up made possible the wiping out of many personal scores; and all sorts of inconvenient people, some with not the remotest association with Communism, were put away. After a more honest appraisal of the situation, it had to be admitted that a far greater threat than that offered by Communism to the continued existence of Pakistan is the canker of provincialism. Resentment against domination and imagined exploitation by West Pakistan was one of the biggest factors in East Pakistan's electoral revolt. Disturbances in the mill areas, which resulted in grave casualties and the Government's dismissal, were between Bengali and Bihari Muslim workers. The mill managements — also "foreign," in the sense of being non-Bengali—used the Biharis in an attempt to break the unions; and the inexperienced United Front Ministers feared to court unpopularity by taking strong action.

Inasmuch as intervention by the Central Government meant the imposition of Governor's rule, with a Governor from West Pakistan, the local sense of grievance was magnified instead of being diminished. Action was taken when two of the United front trio of leaders—Maulana Bhashani and Shaheed Suhrawardy—were out of the country under medical treatment; and the 82-year-old Prime Minister, Fazlul Huq, was placed under house arrest. Threatened with trial on a charge of treason, he made an abject apology and resigned his leadership of the United Front. The masses who swept the United Front Government to power are thus left leaderless and frustrated, and a priceless opportunity is presented

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How often does one hear the remark, "Have you seen the lighting at so-and-so's?" instead of "Have you seen so-and-so's room?" forgetting that, just as the purpose of a window is both to light and to ventilate a room, so the purpose of a lighting fitting is solely to light the room, with the object of enabling us to see everything in it clearly and comfortably.

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Moreover, the high intensities so often advocated are unnecessary and undesirable, for if we normally use no more than we really need, we shall always be able to see by the higher intensities when these occur, whereas if we get used to needlessly high intensities we shall lose the power to see by the lower intensities. Normally, about 5 foot-candles should be ample for all ordinary purposes, and when it is considered that a foot-candle simply means the light given by a candle a foot away, it will be realised that 5 foot-candles, evenly distributed, means that at every point in the room, you have the equivalent of 5 candles a foot away. It may be doubted whether there would be enough candles in London to light an average room with this all-round intensity! Yet many so-called experts advocate 10, 20 and even 50 or more foot-candles, which can only cause severe eyestrain, besides being grossly extravagant. Incidentally the term "foot-candle" was evidently considered too simple and self-explanatory to please the pundits, as it has been changed to "lumens per square foot" which conveys nothing to the layman. As Oscar Wilde said, "To be intelligible is to be found out"!

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to the Communists, who can carry on their agitation from bases in the Indian half of Bengal. Meanwhile elaborate measures are being taken to reassure East Pakistan of fair and even generous treatment by West Pakistanis, who are well aware that East Pakistan contains a larger population and all the jute and earns the major share of foreign exchange.

A bold plan now under discussion is designed to eradicate provincialism in West Pakistan, to solidify that half of the partnership and to create a better balanced State. The proposal is that West Pakistan should be reconstituted into one provincial unit. At present it consists of four provincial and eight princely State administrations. At the head of these are three Governors, one Governor-General's Agent in Baluchistan, a Chief Commissioner of Karachi, eight princes or rulers and battalions of Ministers. Integration into one unit would mean a vast reduction of expenditure and gradually moderate the provincial rivalries between Punjabis, Pathans and Sindhis. It could also contribute substantially to a diminution of the third plague from which Pakistan suffers—the relentless struggle for personal power. Because it would mean fewer plums to go round, the scheme can be sure of strenuous opposition from selfish interests. If it could be accomplished, East and West Pakistan could both enjoy the autonomy that East Pakistan demands and a strong Centre might hold the State together.

NORMAN CLIFF

Student Gypsy

DURING the gypsy festival at Les-Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer, I stayed in the house of an ex-lighthouse keeper and his wife, and had my meals out. Their name was Morel. They screamed and shouted at each other incessantly, but whenever I went into the living room they were talking about their grand-children, the price of eggs, or M. Morel's astigmatism in the right eye. As I got to know them better they shouted in front of me, and Madame called her husband "you cracked old boot," and M. Morel waved his arms and glared at her through his red right eye. But they were devoted. They had lived alone together in a lighthouse for fifteen years, filling the enormous flat solitude with curses and bellows until it became a matter of course. After a time they were shouting at me. I shouted at them. The atmosphere was congenial.

In the evenings, the Morels stopped shouting inside the house, and sat on a stone bench, near the door, and opposite the *épicier*. Here they held court. One could see how respected they were. The cowboys hitched their horses to a post and listened to Madame Morel talking about her husband's eye. "The new spectacles," she said, "are costing a fortune. All our pension and the Festival rent." Nobody of any consequence passed by without greeting them, and the favoured ones sat beside them on the stone bench and talked scandal with graveness and propriety.

I used to eat in a small restaurant farther down the street, called the Perroquet. One evening I noticed a young girl sitting at the next table, beside a man with the appearance of a commercial traveller. She was small, with very blonde hair falling over her face like a wave and a dusky face without make-up. I could hear them discussing me, and an allusion to the English. "I love Englishmen," she said. Her friend said: "Englishmen are pigs!" He said it in just the same way that an English commercial traveller might refer to the French, when he was jealous. This led to an argument between us, and the blonde girl acted as pacifier. Finally the commercial traveller left. "Who is this friend of yours?" I asked her. "He's no friend of mine," she replied; "he just tried to pick me up. Let's go and see how the Festival's getting on. Forgive me, but I am rather drunk."

We walked through the crowded streets, past the Café de Boissy. The girl, whose name was Sophie, had taken off her shoes and was walking barefoot. This, and the wild wave of her hair, caused everybody to stare at her. You could feel them stopping still in their tracks and looking after us. Although the crowds were full of outlandish tourists, Camargue cowboys, cameramen and show people, this girl didn't belong. She was an outcast. We sat down at a café table and drank *pastis*. "I have just arrived from Paris," she said; "I am seventeen. I studied art, and already have sold my own ceramiques. Look, I am wearing one around my neck." She showed me a design on a pendant at the end of a chain, a Picassian bird sitting on an egg. "I am supposed to be going to Algeria because of my lungs. I have run away."

She ordered some more *pastis* and began to sing the fragment of a gypsy song which one heard everywhere during the festival. She sang it badly, but oddly enough it acted as a sort of signal. A number of gypsies appeared from nowhere, and sat down at our table. Their faces expressed the casual unconcern of those who plan stratagems. "Tell people you are my uncle," Sophie whispered to me, "but don't let them take me away." One of the gypsies, all of whom were well-dressed and anciently sophisticated, addressed me. "Your wife appears to like our songs," he said. "This is my niece," I said. "Ah," said another gypsy. Their attitude was solicitous but mocking. The Camargue was their magic home, and they could afford to play cat-and-mouse.

Very soon other gypsies arrived. One had a guitar, and we had a flamenco session, one of us singing after the other, until a sleek gypsy arrived and sang O Sole Mio and a sickly French song sung by Tino Rossi. "Not that, for God's sake," cried Sophie. I could feel the gypsies biding their time like hunting spiders, waiting for "Uncle" to go. But Sophie suddenly pulled me away into the night. We went down to the beach and sat on the sand. "I greatly admire the works of Faulkner," she said. When I mentioned something about existentialism, she said angrily, "I suppose you say that because of my hair. How old-fashioned." She discussed some abstract, incestuous literary movement agitating the Left Bank. There was no feeling of sex, merely of ship-wreck. I gave her some money and said goodbye, then returned and asked her if she would like to sleep in my room. If she didn't mind scorpions.

Madame Morel was surprisingly kind about her. "Poor child," she said, "that's quite all right!" M. Morel actually winked at me. Sophie lay on the floor, and recited some poetry, and talked about her family. Her father was a rich lawyer. "I'm waiting for money to be sent here. All the money I want. You see, I'm supposed to be at St. Remy. I've got masses of trunks there. Even a fur coat!" She giggled and fell asleep. When I awoke, she was gone.

Next day, she turned up and entered the house when the front door had been left open. "I have an omelette for you and a bottle of wine," she said. Actually they were welcome, because it was Sunday and I couldn't change any travellers' cheques in Les-Saintes-Maries. "They're from one of those gypsies. . . ." She wanted shelter for another night. I was saying I was sure that would be all right when Mme Morel burst into the room and started shouting. "Leave the house!" she yelled at Sophie. Then M. Morel appeared too. "I don't want anything happening here," he said, flashing his red eye. "What do you mean?" I asked, joining the argument. "You know what I mean," he said. Sophie ran out of the room.

I ran after her and took her to the curé. "Can you give this child any assistance?" He shook his head, as though he sensed the desert island. Sophie looked at me uncertainly, and wandered off into the night. I never saw her again.

When I got back to the house, the Morels were sitting placidly on the stone bench and greeted me in their usual affectionate way. I sat down beside them. "Look here," I said. "Do you think I was making love with that girl? Must one always draw these conclusions?" "My dear friend," said Morel, "you are an Englishman, and Englishmen are odd. I daresay the girl is a virgin, but such a girl is a *fondue*, more vicious than you have ever learnt. She is sinking into the dirt." "She is more intelligent than you think," I said coldly. "Intelligent?" cried Madame with a small shriek. "*Je m' fous de cet intelligence.* We have struggled hard enough since our lighthouse days to get our little position here. We say nothing against your English kindness, and we are not moralists, but this house is barred to young *fondues*."

"M. Morel," I said, fixing his eye, "Why did you wink at me last night." "I am a man of the world and I thought it was above board," he shouted. "Now let me tell you something. That girl has a gypsy mother, somewhere near Perpignan. *C'est trop fort.* The whole town knows it."

ANTHONY CARSON

The Arts and Entertainment

EDINBURGH—1

THE principal excitements of the Edinburgh Festival, so far, have been two exhibitions and an opera. When the noble collection of some sixty Cézanne canvases reaches London, it will presumably be discussed at length in these columns. As to its quality, expert opinion seems unanimous; to an amateur like myself, with a sneaking preference for Renoir over all other artists of the period, it came with the force of a revelation.

The other exhibition is that organised by Richard Buckle to mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of Diaghilev's death. Whoever it was (Mr. Ian Hunter?) who thought of entrusting this difficult task to Mr. Buckle showed great flair. The choice was not an obvious one, for Mr. Buckle is too young to have seen any of Diaghilev's productions for himself. But—as his delightful *Autobiography of a Ballet Critic* shows—he is a man of spirit, an enthusiast teeming with ideas, never afraid of seeming absurd, and possessed of an unashamedly æsthetic attitude towards the world. He at once perceived that, although Diaghilev himself was an insatiable museum-goer, no less appropriate memorial to his life-work could be imagined than a cold museum of relics. Fantasy, style, imagination, wit, the love of novelty—these had been Diaghilev's ruling passions; and all these are remembered and honoured at Edinburgh. Like Diaghilev, Mr. Buckle knows where to look for talent: he immediately enlisted the invaluable

16th Century German Engraving

I hold every man a debtor to his profession

FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626)

Every man is a debtor to the world: to his parents; his schoolmaster; his friends and employers. He owes them his existence; his knowledge; his happiness and his daily bread.

To his profession, he has another debt: that due to generations past whose integrity and skill have given his calling the reputation it enjoys. To them he owes his status as a worker and a thinker.

'Profession' carries a wider meaning now than it did once; and professional status, in common talk, is extended to many functions in industry and commerce. But it is not won lightly; a long record of public responsibility, and private service, must come first. How can such a debt be repaid? Only by handing on still higher standards — and a higher status — than those of yesterday, to the makers of industry to-morrow.

ESSO *Esso Petroleum Company, Limited*

services of the young Scottish painter, Leonard Rosoman. A thousand pounds' worth of splendid wallpaper was wheedled out of Messrs. Cole, an army of enthusiasts transformed the staid and sober College of Art into a cavern of mysterious joy, while from all over the elegant world there poured in a stream of designs, sketches, photographs, posters, programmes, costumes—every conceivable memento of the unique eruption and conflagration of artistic talent which we know as the Diaghilev Movement. The mischievous caricatures alone are enough to make the fortune of this show: Cocteau's, for instance, of Léon Bakst in Nijinsky's role in *Le Spectre de la Rose*, or a small group by such amateur artists as Chaliapin, Stravinsky and Lady Juliet Duff which stand up remarkably well beside the professional teasing of Larionov and Benois and the rest. The catalogue (itself a work of art and a future collectors' piece) laments the absence of many important designs, but there are enough here to delight the balletomane or the lover of modern art for days on end. Everyone hopes that some part of all this may be retained to form the nucleus of a permanent exhibition, in London or elsewhere; but the charm of the present show is largely in its quality of brilliant improvisation.

The other day one of our most respected newspapers informed its readers that, in mounting Rossini's *Le Comte Ory*, Glyndebourne had "backed a loser"; the writer added kindly that "that was only because it was let down by tips from the best authorities." I should be proud indeed if I could claim that an enthusiastic account of Rossini's opera which appeared in these columns two years ago at the time of its revival in Florence entitled me to rank along with Mr. Toye and Signor Gui, not to mention Berlioz, Liszt and Von Bülow, among the "authorities" by whom poor Glyndebourne was so grievously misled; nor need any of us feel embarrassed by the practical consequences of our advice, since the "loser" is doing very well at the box office—better, indeed, than the admirable revival of *Ariadne auf Naxos*, but perhaps that rates as a loser too? Such comments, apparently objective, reflect a sincere personal dislike for the brilliant frivolity of Rossini's score; though every man is entitled to his own opinion, I should have thought that some of the virtues of this music come as near to being positively demonstrable as is possible in the sphere of æsthetics.

The comments which *Le Comte Ory* drew from its early listeners are still worth our attention, not merely because they were made by famous musicians, but because an examination of the score shows them to be so apt. Liszt, who gave the work at Weimar, said that its melodies "flowed like champagne"—a phrase which might, no doubt, be used of other Rossini comedies, but which seems peculiarly appropriate to tune after tune in *Ory*: for instance, the G major ensemble in which the sham hermit dispenses advice to the villagers, the galop finale to Act I, and the A major tune ("J'entends d'ici le bruit des armes") which leads into the final tableau of Act II. Even more apposite are the remarks of Berlioz, normally no great admirer of Rossini. In no other opera, except *The Barber*, he thought, had Rossini "given such free play to his vein of brilliance and light-heartedness"; he singled out the wonderful A major trio of Act II as the composer's absolute masterpiece. "What musical riches," he exclaimed: "a wealth of felicitous airs throughout, new schemes of accompaniment, refinement in the harmonies, admirable orchestral effects." Now, granting the quality of the thematic invention to be a question of taste, I should have supposed that any good musician would be obliged to admit the truth of Berlioz's further comments, since ingenious schemes of accompaniment, subtle modulations, delicate orchestration and even (though Berlioz does not mention this) contrapuntal refinements are precisely what differentiate *Le Comte Ory* from its predecessors in general, and such things are to be found liberally scattered throughout the score. For the sake of those who may be listening to Saturday's broadcast, I will mention only two: the wood-wind imitation of the melody, at a bar's distance, in the reprise of the cabaletta of the Tutor's aria in Act I ("Cette aventure fort singulière") and the fleeting Schubertian modulations of the Allegretto of the duet in Act II for Count Ory and the Countess Adèle ("Ce téméraire qui croit nous plaire"). Such moments—and they are frequent—can send tremors of sheer musical delight down the listener's spine.

The performance was one of the very best things we have had from Glyndebourne, and at almost every point superior to the Florentine performances of two years ago. Part of the superiority lay in the use of the French text, to which the music is so intimately wedded that much of it sounds quite clumsy in Italian. Inevitably, the faulty French accents were criticised by people who never notice the poor pronunciation of Italian; but, faults and all, Glyndebourne had unquestionably taken the right decision on this point. None of the singing was ideally smooth, but the level was pretty high for these days, and in only one instance would it be easy to suggest an improvement. The role of the page, captivatingly assumed at Florence by Giulietta Simionato, fell to Fernanda Cadoni, a sound artist somewhat lacking in the requisite dash and glitter. As the dissolute hero, frequently obliged to sail up to C and C sharp, Juan Oncina gave a performance no less notable for its humour than for its musical charm. Sari Barabas, as at Florence, sang the Countess Adèle. Her voice, small, white and very pure in quality, is remarkably agile, but inclined to tremble in sostenuto passages; she sang with many exquisite inflections of pathos or simplicity, occasionally startling the house by the sudden radiance of a soft high note. Ian Wallace and Monica Sinclair made an excellent Tutor and Housekeeper respectively; Sesto Bruscantini, a lively Raimbaud, could not quite manage his rapid patter song in the second act. The decor was enchanting: Oliver Messel has done nothing better than the female costumes, with their light, pure colours, which (like the sets) were inspired by some medieval French Book of Hours, such as that of the Duc de Berry; the tableau at the opening of Act II was ravishing. Carl Ebert, too, was at his best; filling the action with clarifying or humorous touches which never verged on the gross or the grotesque, he kept the whole thing within a French stylistic pattern. Vittorio Gui, the most ardent of Rossinians, drew from the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (which included players of the calibre of Leon Goossens and Jack Brymer) playing of the rarest delicacy and beauty. I left the theatre reminded of that *obiter dictum* of another famous Italian conductor: "Bellini pour le chant, Verdi pour le drame; mais, pour la musique—Rossini."

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

(To be continued)

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SAVING A LOST GAME

ALL dramatic critics from time to time receive appeals (quite disinterested very often)—can they not do something to save such-and-such a play which really deserves to succeed but which is unaccountably languishing? However sad it may be, the honest answer is, generally speaking, No! I doubt if even the most publicised dramatic critic can save a play in this country, and even the most enthusiastic single notice will not avail against that curious indefinable "climate of opinion" which grows up round a production partly from the notices, partly from word of mouth, partly, it seems, simply from the atmosphere itself. Once this is established, it is, if not impossible, at least very difficult to alter. Several pleading letters have come to me in the last two weeks, for instance, about *The Wooden Dish*, the American play (at the Phœnix) which is distinguished by two remarkably fine performances, one from Miss Joan Miller and one from Mr. Wilfrid Lawson.

I confess that I find it easier to account for the failure of this play to catch on than my correspondents, one of whom says that its languishing is a "sad comment on a city which prides itself on its position in the world of the legitimate stage." But we have to be honest and say what there is to be said against the play. There is first its setting and subject—a Tobacco Road suburb of an American city—a territory that, superbly explored, as in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, may tempt an English public (probably for the wrong reasons), but one that is not, obviously and on the face of it, enticing. In *The Wooden Dish* the author, though he handles his main human situation with a fine truthfulness, strains credulity rather badly in the sexy sub-plot. So that the best we can say is that it is nearly a good play but not quite. Then of the acting, it has to be admitted that some of the small parts are not very well cast, and this is another reason for the whole counting less than the parts. That—and the fact that it is in quite the wrong sort of theatre anyway—having been said, one would still wish that the play might be saved; the play and production are sufficiently good to sustain the main roles for which, by themselves, the play is well worth a visit. (But could such measured praise be expected to save a play in any case?) There is another point. English audiences are not on the whole interested in acting as such. They are always ready to crowd to see an old favourite, even in a bad play, or even when he or she are long past their prime. But they do not, like the Parisians, appreciate technique for its own sake. Audiences at *The Wooden Dish* regularly, I believe, forget themselves so far as to cry "Bravo" after Mr. Lawson's performance—they do, in fact, appreciate acting of the highest class when they see it. But they don't think they do. Informed in advance that the main pleasure of the evening is the acting of Mr. Wilfrid Lawson, they don't (since he is not a star well known to them) feel particularly tempted.

Another play which may well have suffered from the same kind of praise is Mr. Christopher

Fry's *The Dark is Light Enough*. The case is somewhat different because Mr. Fry is one of the few playwrights who has established his own audience. But the climate of opinion created round this play was certainly that it was worth seeing chiefly for Dame Edith's performance, and that as a play it did not really clinch. I myself may have contributed to this opinion and so feel in duty bound (but it is also a pleasure) to report that, visiting it again the other night, I found it, as a play, a great deal stronger than I had first thought. It well repays a second visit. What I particularly found (and it makes all the difference) was a strength where before I had found a weakness—in the acting of Mr. James Donald as Richard Gettner. Whether it is that this time the dazzle of Dame Edith was less distracting or that Mr. Donald has found a greater command over the part, I am not prepared to say. But certainly his is now a very impressive performance, and that is vital because the character has not, I still think, been successfully handled by the playwright. Mr. Fry is a little inclined to the mistake of thinking that a verbal explanation of curious behaviour—in the middle of a long speech, perhaps—is going to be satisfying. Richard Gettner, it may be remembered, is a failure whom the Countess for that very reason out of her remarkable charity feels it a human duty to protect. And the more outrageously he behaves the more she must protect him.

Of that outrageous behaviour we are given effective samples in action. But what we are never given is a satisfying explanation of the bitterness that lies at the heart of him. It is, therefore, left to the actor to convince us in the face of this, and Mr. Donald, on this second visit, did convince me; he was a man whose feelings have curdled and for whom nothing—no human relationship thereafter—can ever go right. Once you accept this character, the plot falls much more convincingly into shape.

I have no reason to suppose by the way, that *The Dark is Light Enough* is languishing; but I suspect that cool notices of the play may have deterred people who would enjoy it.

How many different rewards this play offers! Mr. Oliver Messel's two sets are both of great beauty and singularly appropriate—a combination not always achieved by designers. Mr. Peter Brook's production is a model of discretion, sensitivity and tact, the small parts are on the whole admirably taken, notice, for instance, Mr. John Glen's quietly expressive Hungarian Colonel, never obtrusive but always "there." There is the constant play of Mr. Fry's gently ironic humour (put over now admirably by John Moffatt, Hugh Griffith and Peter Bull) and throughout a grave and fine humanity expressed in a language spare, subtle and fine woven.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE FIREBIRD

ON the opening night of the Sadler's Wells Ballet's short autumn season at Covent Garden three works were given, all originally presented by Diaghilev before 1920. How startling and fresh these ballets must have seemed at that date can still be felt, for of the three only the second half of *La Boutique Fantasque* has grown stale over the years. *The Three Cornered Hat* remains wonderfully sharp and clear in quality, so filled with the southern sun and humour that its impact in our damp climate is most potent. But it is from *The Firebird* that the strongest impression is left. This is now being danced by the Sadler's Wells company for the first time, and Fokine's choreography has been faithfully revived by Liubov T'chernicheva and Serge Grigoriev. It is a superb ballet and at this performance I was particularly struck by the intricate beauty of the ensembles, so perfectly worked in with Stravinsky's music that they are a lesson in what real collaboration can achieve. It seems that the more groups Fokine brings on to the stage the more masterly become his patterns and rhythms. The climax of the first scene, where the Prince is surrounded by the magician's slaves and monsters, is, I think, unrivalled choreographically.

I first saw *The Firebird* when I was about six, and was then overwhelmed by the romance of the Prince and Princess and the terror of the magician and the Firebird. My terror was not so great this time, but I was certainly overwhelmed by the romance and beauty of the Russian fairy tale. Gontcharova's royal decor and Stravinsky's mysterious music evoke one of the strongest atmospheres I have known on the stage. The executives of our national company are well able to cope with the demands of this ballet, most especially the orchestra under the guest conductor, Ernest Ansermet. Margot Fonteyn is a fine Firebird, not as fierce or nervously birdlike as I remember the bird of my childhood, but still commanding by the exquisite tension of her movements. Again Frederick Ashton's Kostchei is not as terrifying as my imagination would have him, but he is a real magician, furious and intractable in his evil passions. The rest of the company, with Michael Somes as the Prince and Svetlana Beriosova as the Princess, make this one of the best revivals they have ever performed.

The new ballet to be given by the Festival Company at the Royal Festival Hall is a gay *divertissement* called *Napoli*. The choreography is by Harald Lander, for many years director of the Royal Danish Ballet, with Toni Lander in the leading role. It is interesting to see this Danish ballerina among the British dancers. She possesses a cool elegance, even when at her most lively, that gives a refined, objective quality to her performance, and this is most refreshing. It is so different to the jolly but slightly self-conscious bounce that marks the gaiety of our own girls. The ballet itself, condensed from August Bournonville's original version, is a conventional piece of fun, with a moment of brilliance when Keith Beckett mimes a street singer. But although there are many prettily arranged dances, they go on much too long, unsustained by a hotchpotch of mediocre music. With firm cutting this ballet would become effective, especially as Osbert Lancaster's view of the Bay of Naples is most beautifully blue.

ANNABEL FARJEON

LOOK AND LISTEN

Thou shalt not peepe through lattices of eyes,
Nor heare through Labyrinths of eares . . .

BUT that is exactly what we do do, and more and more; and the total effect of radio and television on the peoples of the world has probably been not so much to break down the confines of their insularity as to confirm them still further in it. More than ever, we are the prisoners of our national tongues, and when by chance we move off our home wavelengths and pick up among the welter of languages a voice speaking our own in the wrong place on the band we are certain—for how in these days could it be otherwise?—that the speaker is there only in order to drop the poison of propaganda into our ears. If not that, he is there to sell us something. From time to time in this column, therefore, I propose to report on some of the English-language programmes easily available to British listeners and yet which either do not emanate from England or are not intended in the first place for home audiences. We could all, I suspect, do worse than listen to them occasionally: they can be enlightening, both on our own and other peoples' insularity.

Off and on during the last weeks I have been listening to the programmes broadcast on the American Forces Network (344 and 271m.) by the American Armed Forces Radio Service, which styles itself "the voice of information and education." A.F.N. has many points of interest: it is by far the most readily accessible American station for English listeners, and it is, I understand, a very serious competitor of the B.B.C. Light Programme for the affections of a large popular English audience; its daily programmes are summarised in at least one national newspaper. As it happens, I watched Mr. Aidan Crawley's *Viewfinder* programme on TV in between listening to A.F.N., and there was a very

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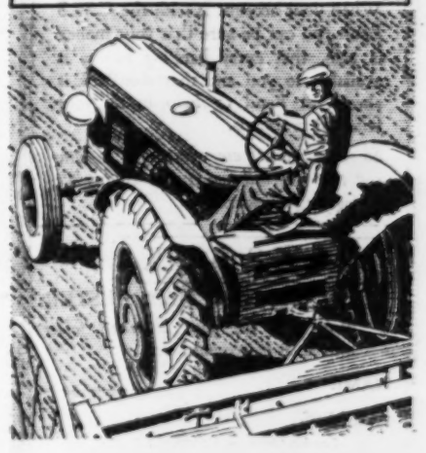

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obvious relationship between them, for Mr. Crawley had been to the American Army Air Force at Burtonwood and was reporting on the American Forces' reactions to living in England.

Like so many similar discussions of Anglo-American relations, Mr. Crawley's rather struck me as being something of a smoke-screen behind which the real problem remains untouched. The grouses were no doubt genuine enough: English weather, English xenophobia, English buttoned-upness, the lack of cleanliness in English restaurants, the extremely high premiums levied by insurance companies on American car-owners in this country. Most of these we have grumbled at ourselves: they did not seem commensurate with the intensity of feeling expressed, and one felt that they were probably rationalisations, rationalisations even of so simple a fact that the parents and grandparents of these G.I.s had left Europe as a good place to get away from and that their descendants were pretty sore at having to come back.

Mr. Crawley was not concerned in this programme with recording English reactions to the presence of American troops here; but one did get the impression that no amount of inviting the boys in for matey cups of tea was going to bridge the gap. One got the impression, rather, of American insularity transported across the Atlantic and reproduced as faithfully as possible in an enclave outside Warrington, an enclave from which the reluctant inhabitants sallied forth from time to time armed with cameras and bill-folds on forays into native territory.

It is for just such enclaves as this, but in Germany and Austria, that A.F.N. exists. It represents the closed community of the American forces in Europe; it is as nearly as possible air-tight against the winds and atmosphere of Europe. Its attraction to listeners who would normally tune into the Light Programme is plain. Programmes are supplied by the main American broadcasting systems, and they are strong precisely where the B.B.C., and indeed the whole British entertainment industry, are at their weakest. As mass entertainment sustained night after night A.F.N. is undoubtedly better than anything the B.B.C. could hope to put out; the names that regularly crop up in A.F.N. programmes are like a roll-call of the most expensive stars in show business: Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Groucho Marx, Guy Lombardo. The American Forces Network is indeed a net which drags in the whole range of American entertainment, and though its plays and features are certainly not superior to those of the Light Programme—on occasion they even turn out to be identical—they are produced with great proficiency. For English listeners whose idea of bliss is a round-the-clock sitting in at Hollywood almost at its best, say M.G.M. musicals, then A.F.N. has everything to offer, and it offers it, moreover, uncontaminated by advertising.

Useless to complain that Europe doesn't come into it, for it exists, one can't help thinking, precisely to keep Europe out. Europe gets into the news bulletins, and A.F.N. is strong on news bulletins. These are technically excellent, packed with matter, and delivered with speed and vigour; they are not presented anonymously, but I do not find the news-reader's announcing his identity lessens the impression of objectivity. As for the news itself, it does not strike me as being propagandist in any normal sense; it is the news as selected and interpreted by Americans, which is very different. In the nightly half-hour *Report from Europe* programme, for example, in which Europe tends to be restricted to Germany and Austria, where the troops addressed are stationed, there is an obvious tendency to emphasise escapes westward from behind the Iron Curtain, and in any account of strikes in Western Germany "Reds" loom large. Short of seeing an American newspaper regularly, listening to the news on A.F.N. is probably as good a way as there is of keeping in touch with current American assumptions about what is happening in the world from day to day.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The Young Lovers," at the Leicester Square
"Apache," at the London Pavilion

The first half-hour of *The Young Lovers* is as haunting as anything in British films. Out of the London dusk, with its lighted shop-windows, cars passing, and newspaper cries, comes a young man to Covent Garden. He stares at the bill, *Swan Lake*, Act II—and goes in; and just as the music is starting, from the now deserted street a girl appears running. Her seat is beside him; they exchange glances; the ballet begins to exert its spell; he offers, tentatively, a programme; then Tchaikovsky's music touches in her some intolerable chord and she hurries out. He follows, and after a little persuasion takes her off to a restaurant, where a concertina-player jigs and flickers unreally behind the two serious young heads. Tchaikovsky's mood returns to haunt them beside the Thames. . . . Their love—how intolerable the brief delays, the slightest of misunderstandings!—quickly realises itself; but at the same time they have discovered the shadow that falls between—one works at the American Embassy, the other disappears every night through a doorway of the Iron Curtain. Two worlds implacably divided; and—says she bitterly—there's no third place. They separate, join again, suspicions are aroused in both camps, and with the grindings of political hatreds, a tragic issue seems imminent.

"A plague on both your houses!" Inevitably, *Romeo and Juliet* comes to mind, and no doubt it was present to the script-writers, George Tabori and Robin Estridge, who have played well on the ironic twist and simple words. They bring their characters to life and impress their theme; but these merits would go for little without poetry. (As though, say, *Romeo and Juliet* were rewritten by Galsworthy.) And that poetry is Asquith's. A commonplace love-story becomes for the moment *the* love-story; his images, quick and beguiling, weave a magic strong as Tchaikovsky's, and in his hands the actors—David Knight and Odile Versois—seem simply themselves in love. Every glance and silence, glimpses from the window, the sound of the lift that *doesn't* stop, the figure in the doorway, the mottled moonlight, the telephone boxes and strayed attention with others—even doors opening and shutting, typewriters writing indifferent messages—contribute to the one theme. What other love-story in the last ten years of film-making has so moved us? I can't think off-hand of any. Here, certainly, Asquith combines the refinement of skill with a re-discovery of his earlier self. That achievement deserves all the applause we can give it. He has engulfed his lovers wonderfully. The trouble is that in going on to explore that gulf—which he does brilliantly and relentlessly—the love-story tends to become a thriller. Emotion gives way to excitement. We are keyed up, but to a lower pitch: that, rather than the makeshifts of a happy end—so there *is* a third place, in a small boat sailing the Channel!—lets us down, if let down we are. Perhaps we aren't, because events pursue their swift and logical course, and Tchaikovsky and a splendid sky do their best in the last seconds to persuade us they haven't slipped out of grasp, those lovers who in the beginning might be separated from one another, but never from us. . . . Well, there's the flaw, which only the very remarkable qualities of this film make visible. Among its minor triumphs I should like to mention the Iron Curtain officials (too human? I don't think so, considering the prejudice to be overcome) and especially the girl's father, excellently played by David Kossoff. As for the pair who have so deeply engaged our sympathies, they could hardly do better.

Apache starts with the disadvantage of two stars we know already—Burt Lancaster and Jean Peters—posing as Indians: he manages to live down most of the disqualifications, including the script-writer's Basic Indian, and to splendour of landscape—red to match the skin—are allied a certain austerity and doggedness of detail that just lift it out of the tenderly tough genre.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

THE NEW DESPOTISM

SIR,—Mr. Richard Crossman, in his two articles, does not discuss the problem of liberty in the modern centralised State, as he would have us believe, but the problem of enforcing responsibility to the nation on all concentrations of power, from the B.B.C. to the T. & G.W.U. His only concern is to subject these corporations, authorities and boards to some effective form of democratic control, and there is no suggestion in either article that by democratic control he means anything other than majority rule.

Majority rule may, of course, be a desirable political expedient; it may even, though this is more questionable, have some moral justification. But there is not the slightest reason, either historical or speculative, for believing that majority rule is *necessarily* or *by itself* a guarantee of freedom. The majority can be tyrannical, just as it can be stupid, and whereas Mr. Crossman wants only to provide effective checks by the majority on those who exercise power, I want to provide effective checks on the majority as well.

If Mr. Crossman wants to discover the explanation of the swing to the Right among intellectuals since 1947, I think he should examine this point. The disillusion is not, as he suggests, with democratic Socialism, but with democracy itself. It is, I should hasten to add, a disillusion without any disposition to imagine that other forms of government would be any better. Democracy may seem objectionable, but it still seems the *least* objectionable way of allowing men to govern their fellows. I hope this will prevent anyone from attaching some emotive label to me.

Therefore, even if Mr. Crossman's suggestions for democratising the machinery of government by democratising the machineries of parties were practicable, they would by no means meet the point I raised in my letter to the *Spectator*. It is precisely because the centralised democratic State seems as capable of tyranny as the centralised totalitarian State, precisely because majorities in power can crush minorities as effectively as minorities in power can crush majorities, that I wish, while preserving majority rule in some form, to provide some effective checks on it.

There is nothing in Mr. Crossman's proposals for democratisation to prevent majorities from losing their heads, as in the South African war; from being successfully manipulated, as in the General Election of 1918; from trying to impose a closed shop on nurses and teachers, as in Durham; from supporting Senator McCarthy, as in Wisconsin; from destroying The Grange, as in Fulham. On the contrary, he would like to reduce to political impotence precisely those bodies, those concentrations of power outside the State, which to-day alone have the wealth, position or authority to provide some check on the rule of the majority.

I am not for one moment disputing that there may be good reasons for extending democratic (i.e., majority) control. It has always seemed to me that there is a strong argument to-day for further nationalisation projects on social and not on economic grounds; and I would readily join with Mr. Crossman in using the power of the State to impose some form of public control on, say, the big combine dairies (whether the Co-op would agree with this is another matter) or on the patent medicine industry. It has astonished me how the social argument for nationalisation has been so neglected in recent Socialist thinking.

But the reasons for extending majority control have nothing to do with preserving freedom. The problem of freedom in the centralised democratic State is the problem of ensuring to minorities and individuals the power and opportunity to challenge and appeal against the edicts of majorities—or of those acting with authority derived from majorities. The importance of the Crichel Down affair was that it showed so clearly that the opportunity of redress through the Courts or through Parliament is no longer sufficient. The guilty persons within the departments concerned at all times acted fully within their powers.

This is why the lesson which I drew from Crichel Down was that only a man of Commander Marten's wealth, position and influence could hope to challenge the arbitrary though legal actions of those set in authority. This is why I said that the strengthening of any groups and interests which still hold some residue of power or wealth outside the State is so important. It is not necessary for me, I think, to defend these groups and interests in themselves. I.C.I. and the T. & G.W.U., Lord Beaverbrook and Mr. Lord may all be objectionable, but they perform a function which makes it necessary to preserve them.

I wish—heartily wish—that I could see an alternative. I feel nothing but acute discomfort in siding with the cynical and selfish men of wealth and power. But no alternative seems to offer itself. Before 1939 the State was far too weak; and I supported, and I still support, the measures of both the Coalition and the Labour Government which strengthened it. But I believe that since 1947 the danger has come from the opposite direction. The State is now so powerful that, no matter whether its machinery is controlled by a Labour or a Conservative majority, the ordinary citizen is almost powerless before it.

The alternative to my view put forward by Mr. Crossman in his two articles seems to me both impracticable and beside the point. I do not believe it is possible to prevent mass parties from transforming themselves into oligarchies. The assumption in his second article, that this transformation is only incidental to the growth of mass parties and therefore remediable, seems to me to defy all the evidence. M. Duverger's book is impressive enough, but the fifty-year-old work of Ostrogorski is even more so. Precisely because it was written in the early days of mass parties, before the compulsion towards oligarchy was so strong, it is all the more significant.

But even if parties could be democratised, whatever other benefits might (or might not) follow, nothing would have been done to lessen the power of majorities over minorities and individuals. Nor do I think the other suggestion which has been made by Mr. Crossman—in, I think, *New Fabian Essays*—is any more practicable. He there looked for a diffusion of power through local government, Co-operatives and the like. He there committed exactly the same mistake as he said I had avoided—in assuming that a wide diffusion of power in modern society is possible. Distribution, whether of property or power, is, I agree, out of date.

I would like to conclude by saying that I feel no enthusiasm for the views I put forward in the *Spectator*. I think they are right. But I think that if they have any value at all it is that they are concerned with the central problem of freedom in the democratic State. Very little inquiry has been conducted into this problem in the last eighty years. Without any fear of contradiction I say that T. H. Green's *Principles of Political Obligation* was the last major work of political theory in this country—in spite of all the political experiments which have been conducted.

I believe that the Labour Party will not find its way to a contemporary and relevant political attitude until one of its members undertakes a lengthy and serious inquiry into the permanent questions of political theory. I sincerely believe that Mr. Crossman is the man best equipped to do this, not only because of his intellectual equipment, but because I think he is passionately concerned about freedom—more so than any of his colleagues in the Labour Party. Contrary to the popular belief, I think that the serious Bevanites are the inheritors of the liberal tradition in British Socialist thought. But that is another question.

HENRY FAIRLIE

HEADS IN A BUCKET

SIR,—Surely Lord Esher is being a little offensive, as well as unconvincing, when he dismisses his critics as part of a minority who prefer to be communised. I am equally unconvinced by the "proof" he offers for his statement that most of us would prefer to be vaporised rather than communised. He says that all British history up to 1940 shows him to be correct. But nuclear weapons capable of vaporising the majority of us were unknown prior to 1940.

It is true that many British men have been prepared in past conflicts to offer their lives, but within the context of Lord Esher's original statement the question of individual bravery, or capacity for self-sacrifice, was not at issue. Most of the young men I knew in the last war who were prepared to risk their lives, had the general belief that thereby the "life" of their British society would be preserved. It would not be possible, rationally, to hold that belief in any future war.

In any case we ought to stamp on this defeatist suggestion that the alternatives before us are vaporisation or communisation. Most of us don't want either and are convinced that if we try hard enough we can avoid both.

FRANK BESWICK

House of Commons, S.W.1.

SIR,—Neither Professor Blackett nor Lord Esher refers to the basic fact of atomic warfare; that the leaders of the People's Democracies, the leaders of the Land of the Free and the leaders of God's own country are prepared in certain eventualities to give orders to destroy, or risk destroying, the human race and its living environment.

If more thought were given to why this situation has come about and less to trying to stave off the event, it would be more likely to prevent this mass suicide pact.

JOHN ARMSTRONG

Lamorna.

LEST WE FORGET

SIR,—Mr. Victor Gollancz, in company with a great many other people, seems to be missing the point about Nazi war crimes. Everyone knows that thousands of decent Germans died as a result of their resistance to the Nazis, but surely our concern must be not with these (all honour to their memory) but with the men who murdered them. Many of these are walking about Germany today as free men, in spite of having been convicted of war crimes and atrocities. Former S.S. officers and other prominent Nazis hold high offices in Bonn—are these men presumed not to have known what was going on.

One might perhaps be forgiven for suggesting that there were not enough German resisters—the Nazi party flourished, although they gave much evidence

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—and make meaningless sounds like 'enthralling' or 'gripping'. We, on the other hand, try to talk intelligently to intelligent people. We're content to say that th two books mentioned below are (naturally) among the best of their kind. Both are in the detective *genre*, but each author is a professional and has rounded his characters, and given his situations subtle involutions. If you read these books, you will be *glad* you have done so.

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of their violence long before they achieved power.

Mr. Gollancz questions the wisdom of making Lord Russell's book compulsory reading in German schools on the grounds that it would not be conducive to the production of psychologically healthy adults. Perhaps he can suggest what literature it was that produced men capable of cold-bloodedly planning and carrying out the vile butchery of millions of innocent men, women and children. Germany was the nation that produced these men and succeeding generations of Germans should know what they did. It is a record that they can as ill afford to forget as we can.

MARY WATTS

2 Elm Tree Avenue, Esher.

SOUND AND VISION

SIR,—The views on how to broadcast archaeology which Mr. William Salter and Mr. Leonard Cottrell have set out are extremely interesting to one who has been closely connected with the planning and performance of both sound and TV programmes on archaeology in the last few years. It is true, as Mr. Salter says, that *The New Pyramid* could have been a much fuller programme if it had been visually presented: but it would have been a different programme. Mr. Cottrell tells us he was interested in "the thoughts and emotions of the discovery", and that is certainly one way of looking at an archaeological discovery. Another is to show the public the place and manner of the discovery and the principal actors involved, and for all that, surely, television and film cameras are preferable to a sound picture.

Archaeology is a subject which must be mainly visual in its presentation. It is concerned with the material remains of the past, and those to whom we speak about it want to see the places and things we are talking about and the evidence on which we rely for our reconstructions and theories. Very few archaeological lectures are given without slides, maps, a blackboard, and, sometimes, films. Until now, series like *The Archaeologist* on the Home Service, though sharing the present-day amazing popularity of archaeology, has suffered by the absence of direct illustration. I have, therefore, albeit from the chairman's seat, watched this year, with great interest, in the TV series *Buried Treasure*, the development of a visual technique of presentation which, though in its initial stages it offended Mr. Salter, has the fascinating elements of new archaeological broadcasting—the use of films, models, maps, actual objects, photographs, reconstructions, and interviews in the studio.

Is the future of archaeology on the air, then, entirely with TV? I think not, for many reasons. First, there are archaeological subjects which do not necessarily gain, or gain much, from vision. Such are Mr. Cottrell's programme on Minoan Crete, Mr. John Irving's recent *Avebury*, or Jennifer Wayne's *Roman Britain*. Secondly, the complexities of television are not for everybody and everything. Filming is expensive, camera crews cannot wait for months until an excavation is completed, and many archaeological discoveries are made by chance or in circumstances which preclude contemporary film coverage. Often, like the story of the Vix vase televised in *Buried Treasure* on August 18, the cameras have to be used to look back at an event. Would this programme have been better if someone had recorded Monsieur Toffroy, as Mr. Cottrell did Dr. Goniem, "with a lot of patience and a tape-recorder"? It might well have been, just as *The New Pyramid, Avebury*, and *Roman Britain* would have been better programmes with at least some visual component.

But must there always be a cleavage between sound and TV? Most of us know that the most successful archaeological lecture is the mixture of visual and non-visual periods. Is this not the ultimate answer to archaeological broadcasting? Mr. Paul Johnstone's *Stonehenge*, good though it was, could easily have included fifteen minutes of non-visual commentary of the kind which made Mr. John Irving's *Avebury* so good. Will the ideal archaeological broadcast feature of the future not have to learn to combine all these things—Mr. Cottrell's tapes, Mr. Irving's scripted comment, and Mr. Johnstone's films and live studio visual presentation? But how long before the warring powers of sound and TV will consider such technical fusion? And how long before the British public will be prepared occasionally for their TV screens to be blank *by design* during transmission?

St. John's College, Cambridge. GLYN E. DANIEL

ART AND SOCIETY

SIR,—There is surely some danger of your art critic, Mr. John Berger, closing the circle where views which are called revolutionary meet with those which are in fact ultra-reactionary. If Sir Alfred Munnings were your art critic, he would share Mr. Berger's sentimental preference for an exhibition of the works of amateurs in a provincial town hall to the current Venice Biennale. He would endorse your critic's remarks about "Francis Bacon's screams" and "the spikes of Lucien Freud's obsessively rendered cacti." For good measure he would throw in Mr. Graham Sutherland's spikes as well and he would at least be full-bloodedly generous about Mr. Griffith's exhibition instead of extolling it (at the expense of the Biennale) in a contemporary vocabulary which keeps Mr. Berger on the right side with the highbrows.

Mr. Berger attempts to camouflage his position under cover of qualifications which evade the real subjects of criticism and reduce the discussion to a level of meaninglessness. Mr. Berger equates "the majority" of the works of the Biennale, in their sentimentality and unoriginality with those of the show in the town hall. But all this can mean, surely, is that the majority need not be discussed, and that it is the minority he should be concerned with. Unless, indeed, the minority is only evoked as a sop to throw the reader who might protest that Mr. Berger is writing nonsense.

For a critic to write that he is "deliberately evading all problems of assessment and standard," again simply reduces the discussion to a dead level of meaninglessness. Naturally, if you evade such problems you can then go on blithely to say that the sunsets, madonnas, royal portraits and cows of the pavement artist sitting outside the National Gallery are "no more sentimental or unoriginal" than the Titians and Rafaels within.

What the reactionary and the so-called revolutionary critic have in common is that both substitute prejudiced preconceived opinions on a principle of judgment, for the close attention of the eyes and the detachment of the mind with which painting should be examined. Mr. Berger thinks that "until there is a revolutionary change in society . . ." "art will generally remain a luxury"—and, of course, he hates luxuries and, living in the most revolutionary period of history, nothing will sate his appetite for revolutions. It must surely follow from this that Mr. Berger is looking not to painters and paintings but to politics to provide the conditions in which he can even begin to judge paintings. Until society has obliged him with whatever kind of revolution he is looking for, contemporary painting will be of no interest to him. If a critic assumes *ex hypothesi* that social conditions debar Mr. Freud and Mr. Bacon from having any grasp of something called "reality" (a property belonging to political agitators and, I suppose, "an entire people" but not to a single person) what can his criticism do except utter a monotonous wail like that of a fog-horn in a fog?

STEPHEN SPENDER

REPRESSION IN CYPRUS

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Keily's letter in your issue of August 14 may I say the following:

1. His suggestion that Cyprus "is no more under any kind of foreign rule than Hampstead" is ludicrous. Hampstead is a constituent part of the United Kingdom, its inhabitants are free people with full rights of national citizenship in their own country, Britain. Cyprus on the other hand has the lower status of a colony; its inhabitants, who are in their vast majority Greeks, are not as such free citizens of their own country, Greece, but are ruled as subject people by the Colonial Office of Britain.

2. The repressive measures, now enforced on them under the Cyprus law of sedition, have no counterpart in the laws of this country, and Mr. Keily is equally misinformed in this respect. Expression of opinion is free here, and to "incite Her Majesty's subjects to attempt by lawful means the alteration of any matter in State is not seditious"; only if the words used are calculated to incite to violence can there be prosecution for sedition. The leading cases of *Reg. v. Burns* (1886) 16 *Cox* 355 and *R. V. Aldred* (1909) 22 *Cox* 909, are sufficient authority for this proposition. Mr. Keily's wish that similar restrictive measures as those of Cyprus might be enforced here, will have, I am afraid, to go unsatisfied.

3. Mr. Keily refers to me as the "so-called Delegate of the Ethnarchy of Cyprus"; if he intends thereby to dispute my representative capacity he is quite welcome to inspect my credentials.

ZENON ROSSIDES

SOCIALIST OUTLOOK

SIR,—Mr. Trevor Park asks whether my interpretation of the circular proscribing *Socialist Outlook* is necessarily more valid than his. Of course, it is not. But it is no less valid, and rests on the so far justified assumption that the N.E.C., while sometimes behaving objectionably, are a group of people who desire the good of the Labour Party. Some of them may prefer me not to read *Outlook*, but they will not expel me for doing so. And if any C.L.P. jack-in-office uses the proscription as an excuse for a witch-hunt, he will have his knuckles rapped if the N.E.C. gets to hear of it.

If Mr. Park reads THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, *Tribune* and *Socialist Outlook* every week, he will see that, to over-simplify, *Outlook* concentrates on what is wrong with the Labour Party, while the theme of the other two is what should be put right. Similarly, in a ward, Critic A of Party policy, who wishes the Party well, differs from Critic B, who detests it in the issues he chooses, what he says, and the way he says it. These latter critics are never satisfied. Even when their demands are met, they complain that they have been met for the wrong reasons and in the wrong way. And concessions to them are made the basis for new demands. This is not a slick answer, and Mr. Park may still not know what I mean. But people from the various constituencies containing *Socialist Outlook* groups certainly do.

The principle of freedom of expression is not at stake. The expression of certain views in a certain place has been made incompatible with Labour Party membership. This gives some people the exquisite agony of choice. It does not, and cannot, shut them up.

Of course, the power of proscription could be misused. You, Sir, and your colleagues in the Strand, Mr. Bevan and Mr. McNeil, Mr. Park and myself, could be expelled from the Labour Party to-morrow. But we are in no danger of ejection, because the N.E.C. knows how far it can go and how far it should go. In proscribing *Socialist Outlook* they have not gone beyond these bounds.

Leeds. GERALD KAUFMAN

FRENCH AS SHE IS SPOKE

SIR,—Being between houses and lacking any dictionary I rushed off my entry for the Colette competition—an innocent minor relaxation one would have said. The award of the first prize has brought me much wrath from critical friends armed with their Larousses. Brought up, as I was, on two languages, and remembering Mme Colette's bubbling colloquial conversation, I had attempted to reproduce the essence of her expressive manner. Now I am reprimanded for not sticking to textbook French: "*Pendant* not *pour* un demi-siècle" and so on! Competition gamesmanship is evidently quite a serious business—and yet I feel certain that my old friend Mme Colette would have forgiven me my small spelling sins.

KAY DICK

ERNEST AUGUSTUS

SIR,—Mr. Ralph Partridge in his review of Mr. Willis's Duke of Cumberland writes that this is the first biography of the Duke. Although I do not pretend my work to be of any consequence, I did publish a biography of Ernest Augustus, reference to which will be found in Mr. Willis's bibliography.

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Books in General

AMONG Shakespearean producers and actors, if not among ordinary satisfied theatre-goers, the question how Shakespeare should be staged is still being energetically argued; and agreement seems to be growing among them that there is only one right way, namely an open platform stage which gets somewhere near the original Elizabethan conditions. This is not an arid antiquarianism, though some of the more specious arguments employed sometimes make it seem so. It is the conviction of professional and practical workers in the theatre who feel that under no other conditions can they so fully communicate the plays to an audience. Their arguments have to be listened to in the climate of a general dissatisfaction with the limitations of the "picture-frame stage" which has fixed the drama in one particular set of conventions for many generations. Shakespearean production, as a matter of fact, has in the last thirty years succeeded in undermining many of these conventions from within; a succession of innovations and experiments has produced workable compromises which at their best seem to convey the spirit of the plays as effectively as we could want. The Shakespeare we see nowadays is at the very least nearer the original in spirit than that which any other generation since Shakespeare's saw. The tampering with the text, which our ancestors thought not merely permissible but positively desirable, is today unthinkable. If we still retain intervals (which the purists dislike), at least they are the only things—again in the best productions—which are allowed to hold up the action; permanent or semi-permanent sets facilitate the shift of incident and scene (more or less successfully according to the skill and ingenuity of the designer); while every reputable producer aims at catching what it is fashionable to call "the swift and boisterous rhythm" of the plays.

Perhaps few amateurs, if asked, would attribute these changes largely to the influence of that strange, anomalous saint of the theatre,* William Poel, whose biography Mr. Robert Speaight has just undertaken. They might rather ascribe them to his disciple Granville-Barker or to Barker's follower Sir John Gielgud, and there would be a great deal of justice in the ascriptions. Granville-Barker's *Prefaces* have handed down to modern producers a modified form of the Poel doctrine, while the revival of our theatre from the trough of triviality into which it had fallen in the post-Du Maurier days is very largely due to Sir John who between the wars successfully challenged the assumption that the classics, produced and acted in the new manner, could not compete on commercial terms with light comedy. But their work would have been much harder without the preparatory bombardment which Poel levelled at the travesties which passed for Shakespeare at the height of the Daly-Irving-Tree epoch.

Poel's addiction to the theatre began young, and is curiously unexplained in his environment or heredity. His father was

> an eminent Victorian civil engineer with a gift for music and mathematics . . . logical, industrious and determined to the point of obstinacy; his mother was intensely religious in the evangelical tradition. They handed on to their son a care for detail, an incapacity for compromise, and a reverence, which was in itself a form of piety, for whatever work he had in hand. William Poel breathed from his earliest years all that was most high-minded in mid-Victorian culture, and he retained to the end the temperament, and to some degree the tastes, of a Pre-Raphaelite.

When eventually he decided to take the step of devoting his life to the drama, he apprenticed himself first to his idol, Charles Mathews, and then in a touring troupe "doing every sort of odd job behind the curtain: acting a wide variety of parts: and getting paid a guinea a week if he was lucky." His first individual venture was giving readings from the classic playwrights in the provinces; and this was extended into forming a small professional company who gave extracts from the plays. Out of that eventually grew the Elizabethan Stage Society. From then on our view of Shakespeare became altered and his life became fixed. For, as Mr. Speaight says, "he went on to this end saying exactly the same things often in exactly the same words." His productions, as demonstrations of a new approach, were a more violent challenge than we can quite realise now to the accepted Massacre of the Bard in the interest of the actor-manager. The absence of scenery and the platform stage were at that date startlingly revolutionary. Though full of contraditions, he theories were developed from a fresh study of the original acting texts and a fresh appreciation of the methods of Elizabethan staging. His approach was only incidentally the archæological, but it was to involve him not only in a whole series of inconsistencies, but also in a whole series of controversies with other scholars who then, as now, took differing views of what Elizabethan stage conditions actually were. But as a practical producer he changed the whole climate of the professional approach to Shakespeare. That was his life's work. New Shakespearean productions, revivals of forgotten Elizabethans, the patient training of actors in his methods, endless lecturing, and as endless disputations in the newspapers and on the platform, these were the stuff of a life selflessly devoted to nothing else.

Mr. Speaight speaks of Poel as a saint, and rightly so, for he sacrificed everything including his small personal fortune to the uncompromising pursuit of his ideals. There is inevitably something absurd as well as heroic about the *dévot* and Poel's absurdities grew on him with age. Mr. Speaight's biography of him does not minimise these, but it starts with one great disadvantage; it was produced under the patronage of the Society for Theatre Research, and is therefore written for the already converted, and by a convert. (Mr. Speaight is so absolute a believer in the platform stage that he can freely praise some of the most dowdy and ill-acted Shakespearean revivals of recent years simply because of the shape of the stage on which they were produced.) Not that Mr. Speaight evades the contradiction between Poel's theory and practice nor does he skim over his defects. His book is well composed from a very large mass of material and it is interestingly written. But its very detail and its partisanship will make it less likely to appeal to the general reader than to the already initiated. For he assumes agreement rather than persuades it. Thus I find it hard in my mind to picture from his descriptions what exactly the quality of Poel's productions was. It seems generally agreed that they tended to be dreadfully slow, and in the nature of things Poel had to rely largely on amateur or inexperienced actors—but then he seems to have preferred them as being more malleable. Bernard Shaw speaks of the admirable faithfulness to period of the costumes and the charm of the music which was usually supplied by the recently formed Dolmetsch Ensemble playing in the Elizabethan mode. This brings to mind a rather forbidding picture of earnest amateur dilettantes austerely enjoying rarified pleasures, but we know that Poel's sense of grouping and stage picture was exceptional, and we have Mr. Bridge Adams's evidence that Poel was in some ways "more akin to Irving, his adversary, than Barker, his disciple, was to him." And he particularly calls attention to Poel's love of stage magic. His productions were evidently conceived of as "exciting" in the modern producer's favourite phrase, even if they only succeeded in being so in bits.

Yet there were a number of very odd anomalies in his approach. It was in his idiosyncratic approach to verse-speaking that he was specially original, but I do not gather very exactly from Mr. Speaight what his famous "system" was, except that it had analogies with music—"Poel's tunes" was a phrase well known to his disciples. This would seem to fit very oddly with an admittedly "defective ear for poetry", which allowed him to cut, and not miss, some of the finest lines in any play he was producing. Indeed, those who have previously thought of Poel as a purist may be astonished to find that he allowed himself a freedom in cutting which rivalled Daly's. Whole speeches which didn't fit in with his "tunes" would be chopped, whole scenes which didn't fit in with his ethical and political ideas would be proscribed. He had a particular liking for, and made a particular point of producing, *Measure for Measure* in spite of being too prim to stomach the bawdry which is the essence of the play. He firmly excised it. "He could not prevent the audience from suspecting that *Measure for Measure* is a play about a young man getting a girl into trouble, but he did his best to conceal the fact", Mr. Speaight writes; and contrary to the purists who would have the women's parts played by boys, there was nothing Poel so liked as to have women playing the men. Women, it seems, were more adept at "the tunes".

It will be easily seen, then, that if you didn't happen to think Poel a saint, you could easily see him as a dotty. Watch him, for instance, as Mr. Speaight describes him during a rehearsal.

> Granville-Barker has recalled the occasion during the rehearsals for *Richard II* when the Duchess of Gloucester was pleading for her son's life. Poel was lying back in a deck-chair, his eyes shut, his hands crossed on his chest, and his feet spread out. "More hysteria," he was saying, "more hysteria," and then a moment later, "That's the tone, keep it up." But Barker had to remind him gently that the lady was sobbing on the floor, and that the hysteria was real. For some reason Poel did

* *William Poel and the Elizabethan Revival.* By ROBERT SPEAIGHT. *Heinemann.* 21s

not think that actors could begin to perform until they were prostrate with hunger. Once he suspected Miss Oughton of having eaten before rehearsal; and when she explained that she had only just risen from a bed of 'flu and had drunk a glass of Burgundy on doctor's orders, Poel was so enraged by this avowal that he slapped her face.

William Archer, by no means a reactionary, was the toughest of Poel's critics. Of the first famous production of *Twelfth Night*, which launched the Elizabethan Stage Society, and which was described on the programme as "acted after the manner of the Sixteenth Century", he wrote that it was "staged (more or less) after the manner of the Sixteenth Century and acted after the manner of the Nineteenth Century amateur." One can sympathise with Archer. Is there anything more depressing than well-intentioned but ill-conducted theatrical endeavours conducted in totally unsuitable surroundings by earnestly high-minded persons? The very essence of the theatre is an extravagance of bright lights, red plush, golden cupids, and vulgar excitement; the very antithesis is an austerity of wooden seats and unheated cellars. Yet, of course, Archer was wrong. As so often it is from the cellars and the hard seats that the seminal experiments have come. Perhaps many of Poel's productions were wearisome to the beholder, and many of his incidental notions wrongheaded and perverse. But who can now doubt that his life's work was immensely fruitful? And the battle he was fighting is by no means over yet. Let us only hope that his disciples will find the right battle to fight. To the problem of communicating Shakespeare to a modern audience, the question of how faithfully the sixteenth-century conditions are copied is strictly irrelevant—and not only because no two scholars can agree on the details. The question is simply how can we of this generation best be led to the heart of the experience of Shakespeare's plays? If some form of platform stage helps us, let us have it by all means; but only because it helps us—not because it approximates most closely to what current scholarship has decided is correct.

T. C. WORSLEY

BIRTH OF A GREAT MAN

Eighth child of an eighth child, your wilful advent
  Means, as they say, more water in the stew.
Tell us: why did you choose this year and month
  And house to be born into?

Were you not scared by Malthusian arguments
  Proving it folly at least, almost a sin,
Even to poke your nose around the door—
  Much more, come strutting in?

Yet take this battered coral in proof of welcome.
  We offer (and this is surely what you expect)
Few toys, few treats, your own stool by the fire,
  Salutary neglect.

Watch the pot boil, invent a new steam-engine;
  Daub every wall with inspirational paint;
Cut a reed pipe, blow difficult music through it;
  Or become an infant saint.

We shall be too short-handed for interference
  While you keep calm and tidy and never brag—
But evade the sesquipedalian school-inspector
  With his muzzle and his bag.

ROBERT GRAVES

THE GREAT GOOD PLACE

Scenes and Portraits. By VAN WYCK BROOKS. *Dent.* 25*s.*

Mr. Van Wyck Brooks is an author who divides literary opinion on both sides of the Atlantic. The historian of the writer in America, he often appears, from the vantage point of England, a narrow nationalist: he disapproves of James, he does not like Mr. Eliot, precisely because both ceased to be American. His is the position of the radical who, by persisting in his radicalism, ends up as a reactionary. His new book, a chapter of autobiography written much in the manner of *The Flowering of New England* and *The Confident Years*, tells, at least by implication, how he came to take up the position he holds, which is another way of saying how he solved the problem of being an American.

The story is a fascinating one. Like James and Mr. Eliot, Mr. Brooks comes from one of the Mandarin families of the United States. His roots lay in colonial America and ultimately in Europe, to which the family was bound by any number of ties, including, for example, the fact that one of his grandmothers had been taught Italian at a school in New York by Lorenzo da Ponte, Mozart's librettist. Mr. Brooks has always been brilliant at evoking the intellectual and emotional atmosphere of a time, and he is just as good here on what young Americans of his class and background were thinking and feeling during the first decade of the century. He was at Harvard from 1904 to 1907, and the chapter describing the Harvard of his day is probably the most valuable in the book.

> For the Harvard imagination the country was a void, and Joe Husband reflected the general feeling when George Moore asked him in London why he had "hewn coal of his own free will." Joe Husband was one of my class-mates who had written a book called *A Year in a Coal-Mine*, relating his experiences there when he left college, and he had replied to George Moore as follows: "If I had been in Europe I might have gone to live in Montmartre as you did, but being in America there was nothing for me to do but go down into a coal-mine.

To young Harvard men like Brooks there was the sense of Europe with all its cultural wealth before them and of America with its cultural poverty behind them. Harvard was an enclave if not of Europe at any rate of something like it, with Charles Eliot Norton conducting his "Dante evenings" to successive generations of undergraduates, undergraduates themselves pretending to be Jacobites and toasting the King over the water, Mrs. Jack Gardner collecting Italian paintings under the guidance of Berenson, and Irving Babbitt learning Sanskrit. As Mr. Brooks remarks:

> When one added these tastes together, the royalism and the classicism, the Anglo-Catholicism, the cults of Donne and Dante, the Sanskrit, the Elizabethan dramatists and the French Symbolist poets, one arrived at T. S. Eliot, the quintessence of Harvard.

Mr. Brooks, too, made the pilgrimage to Europe. He had indeed been there as a boy, to Germany and Italy, and this journey—it was as much of the spirit as of geography—he describes magically. But after Harvard, he set out for England to write, living, as he says, "in a dream of literature," though the form his writing took was the compiling of articles for the American press in the office of Curtis Brown's literary agency. Yet, as he lived at one time in the King's Road and at another in Old Compton Street, there was London all about him, the London of De Quincey and of Gissing but also of Shaw and Wells, Belloc and Chesterton, and this London he brings to life magnificently. He returned to New York, but was back again three years later, brought over by Zimmern to teach a W.E.A. class at Eltham.

The decisive break with Europe came when he went back to America after the first world war broke out: he was not to cross the Atlantic again for more than thirty years. But the break would have occurred in any case. When he

J. B. Priestley — LOW NOTES ON A HIGH LEVEL

Ranging in mood from broad farce to high fantasy, this is the most golden of Mr. Priestley's comedies. It concerns a new and monstrous musical instrument "The Dobbophone" and its recalcitrant inventor's hilarious battle with officialdom. The extraordinary situations in which they become involved are packed with laughs at the expense of broadcasting, musicians, bureaucracy, and modern young people in love. *Illustrated chapter heads.* 10*s* 6*d*

Edith Pargeter — THE SOLDIER AT THE DOOR

"Stands an excellent chance of being chosen by Church and State as the most offensive novel of the year. Miss Pargeter is not only a good writer but a brave one," writes the *Listener* of this challenging novel which has Conscription for Korea, Malaya, Kenya, as its theme. "I recommend this book as one of the best pieces of English prose I have read for years."—ANTHONY RHODES —*Sunday Times.* 12*s* 6*d*

Margaret Lane — A CROWN OF CONVOLVULUS

This first collection of Margaret Lane's memorable stories will be particularly welcomed by *New Statesman* readers. Each of the ten stories is notable on its own account; assembled together, they form a body of assured and individual writing. 8*s* 6*d*

HEINEMANN

made his second visit to England he still did not see what America possessed that Europe did not, "the virgin soil Turgenev saw in his own 'great fresh country' where each could feel that he had a role to play." He was led to discover it, along with his own brand of Jeffersonian Americanism, by considering the lot of the writer in America. The first great fruit of this was his *The Ordeal of Mark Twain*, in 1920. *Scenes and Portraits* provides the essential background to Van Wyck Brooks's life work. It abounds in rich and subtle descriptions of eminent men, including a full-length rendering of W. B. Yeats's remarkable father, whom the author knew in New York; and it is a valuable chapter in American social and cultural history besides.

WALTER ALLEN

SWEET AUBURN ET AL.

The Lost Villages of England. By MAURICE BERESFORD. *Lutterworth Press.* 45*s.*

Shortly before the war, the present reviewer was one of a party which dug a hole in a meadow near Oxford till they found the remains of a village that had disappeared from history some five centuries previously. The excavation was an interesting one and doubtless added its infinitesimal quota to the sum of human knowledge. But for the diggers it raised more questions than it settled. Why did the village die? The Black Death? Some forgotten enclosure? Was its end an exceptional, casual tragedy or a local incident in a wider process of rural change? At that time, however, neither spade nor pen could help us much. There were few sources of information available beyond the generalisations of the economic histories and half a dozen reports of similar digs scattered in the academic journals. The Lost Villages had not yet received their historian. But now he has come. Mr. Beresford has produced a pioneer study of such grasp and quality that it will, beyond question, take a deserved place among the historical classics of our countryside.

As a rural historian, Mr. Beresford combines with unnatural efficiency the virtues traditionally ascribed to the "amateur" and the "professional." He likes the open air, he includes boots as well as books among his tools, he has an almost undergraduate passion for personal exploration and hard physical work. His book is dedicated significantly to those "who have walked and dug with me" and it clearly owes much to blistered hands, dusty trenches and those grubby little notebooks which never quite lose the peculiar smell they acquired in damp mackintosh pockets. But he is also a trained literary scholar—he lectures in economic history at Leeds University—and his book is basically the product of prolonged and meticulous documentary research. He exploits his sources patiently, he puts his varied evidence to the question with a skill and purpose that would have delighted Collingwood and he writes agreeable prose with refreshingly academic precision. Nevertheless, as an author he has one serious defect; he is too much master of his subject to appreciate the needs of the weaker brethren. His chapters are so long and weighty that the walker in the historical wood, oppressed by the multitude and interest of the surrounding trees, yearns increasingly for more frequent pauses for recapitulation and summary. His book would be much improved by a chapter headed *Conclusions*.

This weakness is particularly unfortunate in a book whose presentation inevitably reflects something of the confusion inherent in its theme. For *The Lost Villages of England* is not a straight history of the decline and fall of certain rural communities. It is an account of an investigation into an obscure and neglected subject which began some ten years ago when Mr. Beresford noted certain earthworks in a Midland field and which has now reached the institutional stage with the establishment of the Mediæval Village Research Group. It is, indeed, a sort of report by a detective with powers of arrest—or more accurately the leader of a band of such officers—on an operation against a gang of abandoned villages, age and number unknown, which have hitherto defied the academic police. He tells of his clues, perhaps a reference in some forgotten taxation-roll or survey, perhaps a buried physical pattern dimly ascribed to Cromwell, "they Romans" or the Devil, perhaps one of those more revolutionary historical aids, the air-photographs which provide some of his most effective illustrations. He tells of the examination of suspects and the ultimate test of excavation. He tells us of his successes, of the flags on the historical map as one village after another is identified and filed in the case-histories. Above all, he tells us of the causes of their disappearance and so rewrites a chapter in agricultural history. His book has much of the factual achievement as well as the intellectual fascination of such masterpieces of scholarly detection as *The Road to Xanadu* and *The Quest for Corvo*.

He shows, first, that the number of lost villages is far greater than was once believed. Gay knew only a couple of dozen, even Clapham regarded them as "singularly rare." Mr. Beresford is able to list some 450 major sites. In some counties, he adds, one village in ten has disappeared in the last six centuries. Secondly, he absolves the Black Death from major responsibility for their fate. One or two villages certainly perished *pestilentia et ipidimia*, and others were weakened, some directly, some indirectly by the migration of peasants, conscious of their new scarcity-value, to better land or kinder masters. And there is some suggestion of a general retreat from the marginal soils of the Breckland area; which is inherently probable. But in general these villages perished not by Act of God but by act of man.

For Mr. Beresford reinterprets the familiar story of the Tudor sheep-farmers in the days when wool paid better than corn, of the enclosure of arable land for pasture, of the eviction of the peasantry through whose deserted villages the shepherd and his dog passed as they tended the "man-eating flocks," of the riots, the protests and the fierce political literature. Admittedly, the archives of the Tudor attempts to check by legislation "the putting away of ploughs and the pulling down of houses" do not justify the full fury of this outcry. But we should not therefore conclude with the older historians that this outcry was mere rhetorical exaggeration. For the evidence presented in this book points to the period between 1440 and 1520 as the great age of rural depopulation; the inquiry of 1517 came too late to record the peak of the movement. The Tudor pamphleteers, in short, remembered the past and were not reassured by what they saw of the present. The same forces were still at work, though in weakened form. So were the same people, the landlords with the power as well as the incentive to carry their enclosures as far as the destruction of villages. We know few details of the early depopulators, but the State papers of the sixteenth century provide a valuable analysis of their successors. "If we look at the personalities involved before 1517, we find a solid core of local men, generally of substance. . . . In only eight of the forty-five Leicestershire villages enclosed before 1550 was the encloser not the Lord of the Manor." When the surveyors of 1625 visited the site of East Lilling in Yorkshire, once "a hamlet of-some capacitie," they found only "a compotent howse for a gent." *Ex uno disce omnes*. The gents did very nicely indeed, thank you. But the villagers paid bitterly for those compotent howses. The occasional removal of villages for beauty or profit in the eighteenth century was no more than a sophisticated appendix to an older, harsher story.

The book ends with a chapter of detailed advice to those who wish to discover more for themselves and an invaluable county register of known sites, complete with map-references. The illustrations, including the dust-cover, merit particular praise. Mr. Beresford has deserved well of his country; and of his countryside.

NIGEL HARVEY

SYMBOLS IN STONE

The Art of Ancient Mexico. By IRMGARD GROTH-KIMBALL and F. FEUCHTWANGER. *Thames & Hudson.* 42*s.*

Anyone who has tried to photograph a sculpture knows what great skill is needed for its true presentation in two-dimensional form. Mrs. Kimball has done magnificently. We are familiar now with so many of these wonderful works of art in our memories of the Mexican Exhibition, and here they are, brought to life in a different medium with consummate artistry. The selection, too, is excellent. Typical pieces are taken, not the unusual forms. So the book presents its material very truthfully and its title is no exaggeration. Here one can see the art of ancient Mexico. But one would have liked to see more of the frescoed walls, and there is no picture from any one of the beautifully painted magic books and histories which have come down to us from ancient times.

Unfortunately, the text and editing are not up to the level of Mrs. Kimball's photographs. A book of this kind can do very well without an index, but it is hard to forgive the absence of a bibliography, for the owner of such a book will feel bound to seek out more. The text—thirty pages only—is translated from Dr. Feuchtwanger's German and is not bad, but ungracious reading. There is a nice little map of the archæological sites mentioned in the book which is really clear, and a much simplified table of dating which makes very good sense and is based on recent knowledge gained from carbon dating. The only quibble one could make here is that the fall of Tula can no longer be held to the traditional date of 1168 and probably happened much nearer to A.D. 950. But the author has been overawed by the weight of written authority for the later date which all traces back to the account that Chief Xolotl found Tula in ruins when he visited it, after its fall, in 1173. Probably what the original scribe had tried to say was five "bundles of years" which would make most excellent sense and

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ARTHUR BARKER

square with the carbon datings of Toltec material from the cenote of Sacrifice at Chichen Itza. This seems a lot of fuss to make about a date, but the fall of the capital of the Toltec Empire was about as vital to Mexican history as the fall of Babylon was to middle Eastern events.

The descriptions of the plates—one would like a single-line caption on each—is learned, but much more could have been done. The author is unhappy with the religion of the ancient Mexicans and sees a lot more blood and death than was ever intended by these odd people who used the skull as a symbol of life after death and the underworld. In fact, the story content of this art is missing. We can all see that it is a grand art, powerful and dynamic, but how many of us realise that this was really a picture-writing; that the gods are symbols in their forms? It is just as if one criticised the sculpture of a thirteenth-century cathedral without knowing about Christianity or troubadours or the Virgin Mary. We could do it, but what a lot would be missed, and we would fail to grasp what was the inspiration of the artist.

Inspiration it was indeed, for these old Mexicans had the most primitive technical equipment. Battering and abrading stone with sand and rocks was easier than trying to use the soft bronze which they learnt about only in the tenth century. The primitive tools dictated square massive forms, but the artist gave life to them because he believed he was fashioning symbols of power, homes for the terrific forces of nature to manifest themselves within. For that purpose a great deal of time and patience was given in a spirit of true religious devotion. It is that which makes the art of ancient Mexico so deeply appealing to our subconscious. Sometimes the appeal is so direct that it is disturbing and the critic, wounded, cries out against the blood; but it is the cry of a wounded would-be lover. One cannot neglect this art, however much one may disagree with it.

C. A. BURLAND

ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR

The Life of Lord Roberts. By DAVID JAMES. *Hollis & Carter.* 30*s.*

Fifty years ago Roberts of Kandahar was a name to conjure with and rang out like a trumpet in schoolboys' ears such as mine. But that was in the Kipling age. Long since cocksure imperialism has sunk into disgrace, its heroes are all dead and its glories, such as they were, are by common consent unsung. Today this biography of our most successful Victorian general is liable to fall into the unsympathetic hands of a younger generation, whose teeth have been set on edge by the course of recent events. Yet Mr. James has written an extremely interesting book about an excellent soldier and lovable man, who may have erred, in our latter-day judgment, through the extent of his pugnacious patriotism, but who paid a bitter price for it in the death of his only son in action—as did Kipling himself, for that matter.

Lord Roberts's military career was without blemish. As a subaltern he won the V.C. during the Indian Mutiny; as a general he repeatedly defeated the Afghans; and as a Field-Marshal, at the age of 67, he won the Boer War in a few months, after England had almost despaired of victory. Off the field of battle he was no less efficient in army administration; he was a great reformer and improver of the private soldier's lot, at a time when it was fashionable for Commanders-in-Chief to be complacent stick-in-the-muds. After the bungling in the Boer War had exposed the weakness of the antiquated British Staff methods, as well as the ineptitude of most of our antique generals, he was largely instrumental in converting the War Office to our modern General Staff arrangements which served us throughout the first World War without discredit.

It is not difficult for Mr. James to exhibit Lord Roberts as a model general, inspiring confidence in his troops, loyally supported by his Staff officers and scrupulously loyal to his subordinates, even when they made mistakes. Moreover, the detailed description of the campaigns in South Africa and on the North-West Frontier proves him a first-rate tactician, able to out-manœuvre even a smart Boer general like Cronje. The spectacular march from Kabul to Kandahar was entirely his own idea, improvised at a moment's notice to meet an unexpected situation; and after a notable feat of endurance, 320 miles of marching in 24 days over abominable country, Roberts, although almost prostrate from fever and duodenal ulcer, was still able to direct a cunning outflanking attack against the best Afghan general and win a decisive victory at a trifling loss in casualties. It is no wonder that his men adored the indomitable little Irishman.

As a reward for his services in the Boer War Roberts was created an Earl, given £100,000, and appointed Commander-in-Chief, an uncomfortable office of nominal authority without equivalent executive powers. Roberts did not stay there long. In 1904 the post was abolished, when the Army Council was created and Roberts's official career as a soldier was over. For the last ten years of his life he thought it his patriotic duty to stump the country preaching National Service, by which he meant conscription. It was an unpopular doctrine at that time and stood no chance whatever of acceptance, but Roberts never wavered in his belief that war was inevitably coming and that every able-bodied Englishman ought to learn to shoulder arms in preparation for the evil day. "How right he was!" says Mr. James, as if history had proved his point.

Was Lord Roberts right? Would the introduction of conscription, say, in 1908, have either saved us from the 1914-18 War, or won it more quickly? Or would it have simply precipitated an earlier war, over Agadir, perhaps? No one can tell. At any rate, the British electorate had good reason to mistrust Lord Roberts's Cassandra-like warnings, for his prophecies had gone wrong before. Out in India he had always anticipated a Russian invasion through Afghanistan. "It was largely the conviction of a few resolute men that a war with Russia was inevitable that resulted in its never coming to pass," says Mr. James in defence of his hero, but that does not make Lord Roberts any the less wrong in his judgment of the international situation. "If you want peace prepare for war" has always been a soldier's nostrum: civilians adopt it at their peril and often to their discomfiture. In the '90s it was Russia, in 1903 Roberts expected to fight the French, from 1907 onwards it was the Germans he was squaring up to. And there was a certain disingenuousness about his call for conscription. Nominally it was to be for home defence against invasion, but it is clear from the documents Mr. James publishes that he also regarded it as a useful pool for reinforcing the Regular Army abroad in case of need. Another soldier's motto is "the best form of defence is attack"; Roberts always belonged to the Forward School; and who knows where he might have landed the British Empire had he got his way.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

HAS CHRISTIANITY TAKEN ROOT?

A History of Christianity. By KENNETH SCOTT LATOURETTE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 63*s.*

Christians and Christianity in India and Pakistan. By P. THOMAS. *Allen & Unwin.* 18*s.*

South African Missions, 1800–1950. An anthology compiled by HORTON DAVIES and R. H. W. SHEPHERD. *Nelson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Christianity is now, says Professor Latourette of Yale, "more nearly world-wide in its extent and influence than either it or any other religion has ever been." Like a series of increasing inundations it spread over the world, filling areas unified by government and trade: first Palestine and Asia Minor, then the Roman Empire, then the new European nations which arose from its ruins, and more recently the overseas possessions and trade-areas of the European nations, especially

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America and the Far East. There have been periods of decline: A.D. 500–950, the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries; but each time the faith has been reborn with greater vigour. After the great Christian nineteenth century (according to the author's estimate), it reached 1914 at the top of a flood-tide, with missionary expansion everywhere. Now has come a setback; Russian Communism, itself (he says) a perverted product of Christianity, threatens from without, and secular pragmatism weakens from within (it is a black mark against John Dewey that he taught in two universities, Chicago and Columbia, "begun on Christian foundations"). But Christianity is reacting valiantly, in renewed orthodoxy, the ecumenical movement, the vigorous growth of American Protestantism, the rise of indigenous leadership in the "younger churches" of the former mission-field. Christians, he says, may have faith in ultimate victory.

Professor Latourette is an excellent annalist, cramming in every detail (he forgot the Primitive Methodists but, if you accept his standards of value, omitted little else). He seems equally at home in ancient Alexandria, medieval Russia and modern Polynesia. Nearly half the book is devoted to the period since 1800, an unusual balance in such histories but corresponding to his own enthusiasm for Christian missions. He is concerned chiefly with numbers and geography, occasionally pausing to wonder whether the many converts are genuine Christians. Christianity is to him a relatively simple thing which has "spread"; he is not sufficiently interested in cultural changes to be analytical. Mormons, Christian Scientists, Seventh-day Adventists are all authentic Christians, to be included in the statistics; but Biblical criticism is a menace. A more critical approach would give greater depth to the book, and cause revision of some of his estimates. His industry and erudition are amazing, and though few will read through his 1,516 pages of small print, many will dip into it frequently for detailed information. The map to illustrate the period 500–1500 (is such a map possible?) needs reconsideration; the most prominent name is "Austria-Hungary"!

But Christianity, says Professor Latourette, has always been a minority-religion, making little headway against the other developed world-religions and doing its most effective missionary work against primitive superstitions. The other two books confirm this. Mr. Thomas is an Indian Christian, belonging to a branch of the ancient Syrian church of the Malabar coast (he accepts the legend of its founding by the apostle Thomas). The story he tells, without original research but with zest and a detached humour, is not well known in the West. Christian missionaries have been going to India for many centuries, with varying success. He tells of Syrian, Portuguese, Franciscan and Jesuit preachers and their princely patrons and converts; of Akbar and Jehangir, Moslem eclectics; of the first Protestant missionaries, after the East India Company's prohibition had been overcome; of Hindu reform movements influenced by Christianity; of Christian communities in modern India. His strangest story is of the Christian princess of Sardhana, Begum Zebunissa Joanna Samru (the Kashmiri widow of a German adventurer, Walter Reinhardt) who maintained the independence of her state against British expansion until her death in 1836. At the end of British rule, he says, there were eight million Christians in united India; Christianity had done much good in education, medicine, and raising the status of depressed tribes and classes; some notable individuals, such as Gandhi, had been influenced; but in general it had made little impression on Hinduism and Islam, the faith of millions. He is apprehensive about the future.

The anthology by Dr. Davies and Dr. Shepherd gives an attractive picture of how Christian missionaries have helped many native peoples in South Africa to agricultural and social progress and a faith which releases them from the tyranny of witch-doctors and rain-makers (but there is a dubious story about a missionary's prayer for rain). Since it is an anthology, a bouquet of picked flowers, it of course emphasises the high-lights, but it gives a good deal of historical information and is not afraid to mention that there are other sides to the question: the failures, the bizarre and dangerous native Christian cults, the overwhelming problems. However, the book does not touch on the deeper issues.

H. L. SHORT

POLITICAL ECONOMICS

Britain in the World Economy. By D. H. ROBERTSON. *Allen & Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Towards the Rescue of Sterling. By R. G. HAWTREY. *Longmans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Balanced Economy. By L. S. AMERY. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

If *Wissenssoziologie* (sociology of science) or social psychoanalysis were conceivable in England (but who would dare to pry into the motives of gentlemen?) its practitioners would have real fun with the turns and twists (if not cycles) of fashion in economic doctrine. There was hardly an economist who, under the Labour Government, did not pour scorn on the concept even of a dollar crisis. The cause of our recurrent balance of payments crises was the Welfare State. This made us live beyond our means. All those who thought that the dominance of America in the non-Soviet orbit raised problems of great complexity were just cranks or crooks. Their views were an elaborate subterfuge, a laboured excuse concocted to get at the pockets of the poor U.S. tax-payers. Devaluation and dear money would "cure" all. The objection that the resulting situation would be much worse for the poorer countries than the dollar shortage, was dismissed as "political."

The unanimity of respectable economists completely captivated the Conservatives, who were in any case restive under the controls. They had tolerated them in war-time, although their existence robbed them of their financial veto-power over Governments, a veto-power which they exercised with such effect in 1931 in Britain and 1936 in France. What could be better than a "scientific" justification of their prejudice and interests?

Once the Tories achieved power they went after decontrol with all their might. Their surprise and chagrin in finding themselves suddenly deserted by all and sundry of their academic following must have been really intense. There are today in Britain in academic circles as few adherents of a dash to (financial) freedom as there were opponents of it in, say, 1946-7 when the British (and Western European) position was infinitely more precarious. No one, for instance, was wittier (or more bitter) than Sir Dennis Robertson, at the expense of the (very tentative) strivings of the Labour Government towards a more stable and just economic system. Now, however, in these lectures to an American audience he explains the problems created by the second World War and the accession of the U.S. to complete dominance. It is a pity that his conversion did not come earlier. He might have helped to resist some of the measures of decontrol which were largely responsible under Labour for the recurrent difficulties in the balance of payments. Still, a return to common sense is welcome at any time.

Professor Hawtrey and Mr. Amery were never men of fashion. Professor Hawtrey will, perhaps a little unfairly, be best remembered as the back-room author of the famous "Treasury Principle," flamboyantly enunciated by Sir Winston Churchill at the nadir of his career:

> It is the orthodox Treasury dogma, steadfastly held, that whatever might be the political or social advantages, very little additional employment and no permanent additional employment can, in fact, and as a general rule, be created by State borrowing and State expenditure.

Professor Hawtrey's colleagues at the Treasury and the Bank accepted this view as an excuse for doing nothing—a mathematico-scientific figleaf to conceal their intellectual and emotional bankruptcy. But Professor Hawtrey himself was much too farsighted and sensitive to leave it at that. He re-created the nineteenth-century environment in an idealised picture of an economy in which the great merchant firms instantly transmitted variations of the rate of interest to economic activity by altering the amount of their stocks. Ideally, absolute stability could be attained by varying the Bank Rate.

In fact, speculative movements are far too strong for such sensitive control and merchants far too weak to make much impression. Professor Hawtrey, however, has not yet given up his hope or his model. He still complains of overspending—but he wishes to revalue sterling. He wants to curtail consumption but wishes to expand investment. It is not clear how all this is to be accomplished, nor indeed how all these things are compatible. Unlike Sir Dennis, his attention is still so absorbed by the monetary problem that he continues to be unaware of the fundamental causes of the unbalance in international economics.

As one of the early advocates of closer co-operation with the Commonwealth, Mr. Amery is very conscious of these fundamentals. Unfortunately, his advice was not heeded betimes: the Ottawa agreements were not followed up by positive investment co-ordination and expansion. Nor is it easy to see how market forces could have achieved Mr. Amery's aims then or now. Yet Mr. Amery is loath to draw the logical consequences of his position. He sees that it is necessary to find a "permanent solution of the present unbalance in the world economy resulting from the disproportion between the immense, highly geared self-sufficient economy of the U.S. and a number of isolated, unorganised weaker units." But on a private enterprise basis it will hardly be possible to achieve it. Moreover the *Commonwealth*, in contrast to the *Sterling Area* and the European Payments Union, is a historical organism which has little to do with the economics of today.

Mr. Amery may think he knows the Canadian

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mind better than the Canadians do, but he will hardly be believed by them. Moreover he seems firmly to ignore the fact that it was the Colonies which recently lent to the mother country, not the other way round. Indeed his conception of the relations between the Colonies and Britain is still Lord Milner's or Kipling's. The first lesson, which we must learn in order to be able to advance at all, is what pitifully insufficient attention was paid by British administrations to the possibilities of a planned improvement of the territories under our control.

A book on the problems of the Commonwealth in which the colour-bar and *Apartheid* are brushed off in a few lines is hardly likely to lead to trustworthy conclusions. All this is a great pity, as Mr. Amery's intuition about the needs of the moment is right, and there can be no doubt that (unlike his professional colleagues) he has tackled the right question. THOMAS BALOGH

BOOK OF THE CENTURY

Manzoni and His Times. By ARCHIBALD COLQUHOUN. *Dent.* 21*s.*

Manzoni. By BERNARD WALL. *Bowes & Bowes.* 6*s.*

"This book won't have much success," wrote the poet Monti, on first seeing Manzoni's great novel. "It's too humble for the learned and too learned for the humble. The morality is hypocritical and so it cannot live." Other early opinions quoted by Mr. Colquhoun ("New, strong, and vital"—Lamartine; "Far too highly praised"—Stendhal; "If I were younger I would translate it *à la Cellini*"—Goethe; "A fourth-rate novel, modelled on Walter Scott"—*The Gentleman's Magazine*; "I've read *I Promessi Sposi* and it's annoyed me because you're working for the shop [The Church]"—Anonymous letter) show up the difficulties of placing on first appearance a best-seller which was to become a national institution.

Of the long novels of the nineteenth century, only Manzoni's—with the possible exception of *War and Peace*, but the moralist in Tolstoy really disqualifies him—attains the coveted status of the prose epic which so many novelists attempted. An epic is a transfusion of pride or nostalgia from the past to the present. It appeals to a collectivity—usually national, since humanity is too vast and Christendom too sectarian. It is as accessible as possible to its intended audience. A Tennyson with the social background and experience of Dickens and the historical sense of Scott might have managed it in verse for the England of Victoria Regina, but lacking such a hybrid it was left to the more amoebic literature of Italy to produce the perfect specimen. A nation in the painful process of becoming conscious of itself was somewhat eased by this projection from the seventeenth century, in which persistent Italian types were at once recognisable, from the country priest's housekeeper to the gangster-boss whose dramatic conversion is effected through the only respectable emotion still alive in him—the sexual emotion. Other characters who, Mr. Wall calculates, exceed in both number and variety the characters in the whole of Scott, a persecuted hero and heroine who are finally united, an apparently ambivalent attitude towards the Catholic Church, humour, descriptions of war and plague, the constant implicit parallels between the Italy of the late Renaissance and the Italy of the *Risorgimento*, made up the novel which was to become a spiritual home with dear familiar furnishings rather than just a book. But for non-Italians it necessarily remains a romance—the thing which Manzoni rightly protested it was not—and is read and judged on that level.

Having made a few years ago the eighth and best English translation of *I Promessi Sposi* since it was published in 1827, Mr. Colquhoun has now written the biography of the author. It is a thorough and scholarly book suggesting a complexity of character which somehow never quite broke surface in Manzoni's life or writing. Apart from *I Promessi Sposi*, little he wrote would be remembered. He began his one novel at the age of thirty-six, spent six years composing and rewriting, then some twelve more recasting the book linguistically for the great second edition. He lived on to be eighty-nine and to be intercepted on his walks round Milan by parents begging him to bless their children. He did not enjoy his canonisation and as a literary man he might well have died thirty years earlier. His whole life is subordinate to his Grand Achievement and, while in different circumstances it would be interesting as the case-history of a European who lived the whole span from the progressive materialism of the French *Idéologues*, through Christian liberalism to an almost frightened respect for Catholic dogma, here it touches dullness at several points. Mr. Colquhoun has kept somewhat too closely to his title and has revealed no intimate connection between the early influences which he traces so fully and the novel to which they presumably led. His book quickens when he reaches the composition and publication of *I Promessi Sposi*, and it might have gained by being more strongly focused on that obvious centre. The rest of Manzoni chiefly interests the "student," that—one begins to think—mythical figure rarely found in universities, whose powers of deduction and association when faced with raw material seem to be so much more brilliant than those of his professors.

Mr. Wall's short study gives thirty-three pages out of a total fifty-four to a summary and discussion of Manzoni's novel and is right on the target as an introduction. His book appeared before Mr. Colquhoun's, but he warmly acknowledges his debt to Mr. Colquhoun's earlier translation of *I Promessi Sposi* and to its biographical appendix. He also does not attempt to identify Manzoni with his novel; the task may well be impossible except on a pathological level, which would inevitably be suspect.

> At first sight I find it hard to reconcile his neurotic personal habits with the calm, urbane spirit that breathes over the pages of his novel—the answer, I think, is that he overcomes his limitations in his work, and it is there that we should look for the true, the "great" Manzoni.

Another explanation is that a true writer of epic will always appear anonymous.

GEOFFREY BRERETON

NEW NOVELS

A Pride of Lions. By JOHN BROOKS. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The White Wand, and Other Stories. By L. P. HARTLEY. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Toast to Lady Mary. By DORIS LESLIE. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Sitting at his desk at 34 De Vere Gardens some 60 years ago, Henry James confided to his notebook:

> The great question of *subject* surges in grey dimness about me . . . I want to do something fine—a strong, large, important human episode, something that brings into play character and sincerity and passion; something that marches like a drama. A truce to all subjects that are not superior!

A strong, large human episode. Just so! That is what we are all in search of, readers and writers alike. Yet it is just what the contemporary novel so often denies us. As the days grow shorter and the publishers' lists lengthen, the reviewer scans the autumn brochures with a sinking heart. More neurotics, more misfits, more traumas, more misfiring marriages, more sensitive childhoods. One had not thought the pen had undone so many. Oh, for some passion, some character, some *terribilità*! Where, we cry, like Sir Ranulphe Crewe, is Vautrin? where is Heathcliff? where is Sorel? Nay, which is more and most of all, where is Raskolnikov? All, apparently, entombed in the urns and sepulchres of Mr. Somerset Maugham's faint praise.

Take Mr. Brooks's hero, Tom Osborne, for instance—sane, healthy, in his early thirties, with a devoted and intelligent girl friend and a good job in a New York publisher's office. A nice fellow and one hardly worth writing about. Yet something is gnawing him. It turns out to be the thought of his archaic, aristocratic family back in East Bank, New Jersey. There is Lorna, his mother, a Mrs. Nicklebyish New Englander, Albert his father, a disappointed ex-lawyer (Princeton: Class of Oughty-four) and his uncle Algernon, a retired judge, well pickled in whisky. Add to this a twittering cousin Lydia and a tough saturnine family doctor and you have as hammy a bunch of withered humours as a Boston genealogist could desire. Old Southern pride has nothing on its Northern equivalent and Mr. Brooks, who is obviously in love with the whole dreadful circus, gives up all pretence of seeing his characters through anything but *couleur-de-rose* spectacles before Tom has been back at East Bank twenty pages.

The Osbornes and Schuylers have been taking a beating from East Bank's newer immigrants ever since 1918. When an oil-refining project is mooted, they realise it is their death-knell and, banding together, make a pathetic and gallant resistance. It is the end of an old song, and Mr. Brooks extracts the last harrowing echo from his sufferers. Like some American Mrs. Thirkell, he is concerned to promote *noblesse oblige*. In a series of flashback tableaux he shows us Lorna and Albert doing the honours of caste—behaving graciously to a New York waiter, slapping down a Jewish business man, and so on. There is a creepy moment when Albert has a stroke and is likely to die. Hezekiah, the coloured handy man, is sent for:

> "Old John," Albert said, "you must remember to trim the Virginia creeper."
>
> "Ain't no creeper in that garden, Mister Osborne. I'm Hezekiah, I am."
>
> "You're thinking of the old garden, at the old house," Lorna said. "We haven't got any Virginia creeper, here, Albert."
>
> And meanwhile Uncle Algernon was whispering fiercely to Hezekiah, "Pretend, man, pretend! Answer yes to everything he says!"

You're in bad shape!
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"The creeper is gone, Old John? I don't understand."

"Nossuh," the colored man said, his face all sadness and sympathy. He put on Southern Negro dialect, as if in some way it were appropriate to the occasion. "Nossuh, I done clean forgot the Virginia creeper, Mistah Osborne. I sure will trim it straight away."

I read this book with a fascinated horror. It is cleverly and succinctly written, and packed with social information. Technically its chief failure is Tom himself, who remains a muff throughout.

Most of Mr. L. P. Hartley's heroes, including the childen, are muffs, though muffs of a more complicated kind. This new collection contains stories written as long ago as 1924 and it is therefore very uneven in quality. It includes an admirable new Eustace and Hilda episode (*Hilda's Letter*), a neat ghost story (*W.S.*), a near-successful macabre tale modelled on Saki (*Mr. Blandfoot's Picture*), and a long ambitious *conte* set in post-war Venice which begins as the story of a thieving gondolier and ends in a love affair with a cripple. The story itself is diffuse, the writer's descriptive power beautifully in evidence:

> . . . The sea was dark green and white, the gondolas rode madly up and down between their posts, there was, distinct from all the other storm sounds, that unnerving creaking that wood makes scraping against wood. . . Where the sea was actually invading the stone floor of Venice, it came not in angry foam-flecked swirls but in tiny level ripples, which advanced with the utmost gentleness at intervals so regular that in the distance they looked like the steps of a staircase—a shallow staircase leading to the sea.

There is also a brilliant three-page piece of prose entitled *Apples*. Mr. Hartley has a flair for communicating atmosphere; at his best he recalls Walter de la Mare—the de la Mare of *Seaton's Aunt*—but it is only in single pages or paragraphs at a time. Scarcely one of these stories could be called a successful work of art. The distinction of Mr. Hartley's style, which clothed *The Go-Between* so perfectly, becomes a handicap when grafted on to themes that are trivial or plots that are poorly constructed.

Miss Leslie's novel can be heartily recommended to all those who, like the present reviewer, enjoy a good tumble with English history. Heavily authenticated beneath its rouge and patches, this novel tells the story of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Sarah, Queen Anne, Pope, Dick Steele, Sporus and Atticus—they are all here, snuffing candles, pommelling sword-hilts and shaking their periwigs.

JOHN RAYMOND

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

NOT long ago Haydn's Symphony No. 6 ("Le Matin") came out in a well turned version from Vienna (**P.). Now, from the same source, come Nos. 7 ("Le Midi") and 8 ("Le Soir"). These early symphonies, with their instrumental solos and recitative passages, are really Sinfonie concertanti, lyrical and simply descriptive in the same manner as, for instance, Vivaldi's violin concertos. No. 8 is somewhat closer knit than No. 7, and perhaps more winning; but both are essential to lovers of Haydn. The performances are suitably delicate and the recording (*P.), if not ideally spacious (the tuttis sound overblown), is good enough to give repeated enjoyment. The latest version of Brahms's First Symphony (**H.M.V.) is another feather in the cap of the Philharmonia —and of Cantelli. As if determined not to be accused of Italianism, the conductor keeps a very firm hand on the tempi and secures what is in almost all respects a thoroughly Brahmsian performance—perhaps a shade slow in I, but impressively weighty and spacious. In II the antiphonal wind/string effects are beautifully dovetailed; the horn and flute tone at the beginning of IV is splendid, the chording at C most satisfying; and everywhere the quality of the sound is first rate. It was tiresome of Cantelli to make the *calando* at N in IV—thirteen bars before it is marked in the score. This is a mistake that annoys some people very much; but personally I do not feel inclined to deprive the disc of a star on that account alone, when the rest is so very fine.

Rachmaninoff's *Paganini Rhapsody* and Dohnányi's *Variations on a Nursery Tune* (Katchen/L.P.O./Boult. **D.) make a most acceptable coupling. In the first Julius Katchen gives a dazzling display of technical brilliance, combined with musicianly feeling. I wish only that he had not rushed Variation XV (the notes are clear enough, but the beat is lost), and that he did not show a slight tendency to over-express No. XVIII. Still, this is a lovely performance, faultlessly recorded. The reverse contains a far more stylish and witty reading than the other available version, though the Waltz section is a trifle prim. The point of coupling Strauss's early symphonic poem, *Macbeth*, with Martinu's Concerto grosso (N.) is less obvious. The Strauss work is worth an occasional hearing, though it is on a lower level of inspiration than the better known members of the series (it was the first to be written). Some of the material is striking; but the composer had not yet developed his genius for musical characterisation, and only the black, relentless ending remains in the memory. The performance (Vienna SO/Swoboda) does justice to the work, but the recording, though not unpleasant, does not reach a high standard of LP fidelity. Martinu's extravagant score, which includes two pianos, sounds more immediate. With its non-stop rhythms, its woodwind chatter above a string toccata, the work reminds the listener that Martinu was a pupil of Roussel, whose fine taste, however, he does not seem to have acquired. But the piece has a profusion and robustness which are Czech and which may help some people to ignore the mechanical quality of the music and its coarse-grained texture.

Post-war records of Mozart's Piano Concertos have been mostly disappointing. One had almost given up hope, when the **Vox coupling of K450 and K456 (both in B flat) stole upon the scene, without any flourish of trumpets. The pianist in this indispensable record is Ingrid Haebler. I believe her to be quite young; what seems clear is that she possesses the secret of the classical style. Hers is not cold playing, nor does it obtrude a personality; it simply carries out Mozart's intention in the spirit as well as the letter. The Vienna Pro Musica orchestra, under Heinrich Hollreiser, rises nobly to the support of Miss Haebler's spruce and exquisite solo, and the recording leaves nothing to be desired. K450 is also available in a new version by Wilhelm Kempff, who couples it with the entrancing K271, in E flat—the first of Mozart's mature Piano Concertos. Kempff's playing is a thought lighter than Miss Haebler's—also more individual, as we should expect of this wayward genius (he makes a personal and most poetic contribution to the cadenza in the Finale). His reading is not, I think, preferable—only different; nor does he receive a less capable recording (**D.) In K271 I find Kempff distinctly more stylish than Guiomar Novaes, who couples the work with the most famous of all Mozart's Piano Concertos—K466 in D minor (V.). I yield to many in admiration for Mme Novaes's pianistic conceptions; her heavy playing is certainly better suited to the *Sturm und Drang* of K466 than to the lyric poetry of K271, but her nagging accents affect me like digs in the ribs, her piano sounds tubby and the orchestra acid. Nevertheless, this version of K466 is more acceptable than that of Clara Haskil, whose interpretation of the work, and of K459 in F major, with which it is coupled (N.), seems to me altogether too romantic. The recording on both sides is quite good, but there is an unconscionable amount of pre-echo. Still another Mozart concerto disc, containing the wonderful Piano Concerto in C major, K467, and the Flute Concerto in G major, K313, comes to us from a new company called Felsted (an offshoot of Decca). The latter work is well played by Fernand Marseau, but neither the soloist nor the orchestra can stand up to the competition of the **Vox recording reviewed in this column recently. In the Piano Concerto Marguerite Roesgen-Champion gives a competent but stodgy and unfelt performance, and she is ill served by the engineers.

I have, unfortunately, no room to compare at length all the various recordings of Beethoven's Violin Sonatas which have been offered us lately. The Fuchs/Balsam versions (B.) appear to me very competent but superficial: one would not wish to hear them often. Two of the best sonatas —F major, Op 24 ("Spring") and C minor, Op 30, No. 2—have been recorded on two 10-inch LPs by Alexander Plocek and Josef Palenicek (S.). The playing of this duo is efficient and warm-hearted, but the recording is insubstantial, the surface heavy and the presentation extravagant. On the other hand, the grand C minor Sonata and the inexhaustibly beautiful Op 96 in G major, are coupled by Ricci and Gulda in excellently recorded performances that seem to me (though not, I must admit, to some of my colleagues) admirably conceived (*D.). It is true that in soft passages (e.g., the opening of the Adagio of Op 96) Ricci's bowing is not quite firm, so that we get a "feathering" effect that is disconcerting; but the fault is not highly percep-

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tible, and in any case not constant enough to be worth fussing about. The Menuhin/Kentner coupling of Op 96 and Op 24 (H.M.V.) is not recommended: there are beautiful moments, here and there, but the total impression is dim and aimless.

Since the old and justly famous Cortot/Thibaud/Casals set, there has been no recording of Schubert's Trio in B flat, Op 99, that one could describe as adequate. The Badura-Skoda/Fournier/Janigro version (**N.) should satisfy the most critical. The players tackle the music with much more energy and spirit than they did the companion Trio in E flat; there is no lack of warmth and sensibility in the Andante, and the recording is most agreeable. In the two Cello Sonatas, Opp 38 and 99, we find Brahms working the vein of grimness that provided the tough fibre of his predominantly lyrical genius. These works are also magnificently beautiful—though it needs a cellist of Starker's calibre to make Op 38 appear soundly balanced, for the flimsy Minuet consorts oddly with the weighty seriousness of the outlying movements. These are indeed superb performances (*N.) but the Starker/Bogin duo are less well balanced here than in their previous records, for the cello is apt to drown the piano (especially in Op 38), of which the tone is distinctly tinny. Nevertheless, the disc is otherwise too impressive to be neglected. So, indeed, is the first recording to be issued here of Rachmaninoff's splendid Cello Sonata, Op 19 (Cap.), of which the broad and firmly classical lines derive from Brahms. Materially, the sonata displays the alternation of passionate energy and romantic sadness that characterises the composer at his best. Those fine players, Joseph Schuster and Leonard Pennario, seem in their element, but here again the engineers have allowed the cello to blanket the piano, which sounds muffled and distant, even when playing solo, and although much of the music comes through effectively enough, the recording is at its worst in the heart-wringing Andante. All the same, I would no more be without this disc than I would ignore the Brahms, for the performance and the music together make a strong appeal.

Time was when it seemed reasonable to expect that Bela Siki would succeed his master Lipatti as the ideal Chopin player of today; but his integral recording of the Scherzos provoked doubts, which are confirmed by that of the Ballades (P.). These placid readings are most beautifully recorded; but no spark of imagination—of brilliance or rhapsodic feeling—illumines the pianist's deliberate style. To give one example only: the insinuating main theme of No. 4 is never phrased at all—at each appearance the notes are hammered down like tent pegs into the earth. I much prefer Ginette Doyen's account of these pieces (*N.), to which, on re-playing, I feel that I did some injustice, for the mannerism to which I took exception now seems much less obtrusive.

Inferior to *Rosamunde*, but unmistakably by the same hand, Schubert's *Der häusliche Krieg*, a little *Singspiel* based on an idea from the *Lysistrata*, would probably seem thin and foolish on the stage today; but, with the dialogue omitted, it makes an attractive medley of vocal numbers. A Viennese cast, headed by Ilona Steingruber, is never less than adequate, and the orchestral support is delightfully sensitive. A very pretty record (*N.). Smetana's *Dalibor* is on the edge of being a great opera, but the complete Supraphon recording is sadly inferior to their recent issue of *The Bartered Bride*. Beno Blachut, in the title role, is indeed excellent, though never as thrilling as he was in the excerpts he recorded some ten years ago. But it is the ladies who really let us down; giving displays of unsteady and monotonous singing that one would not wish to hear twice. Nor does the orchestra give nearly as brilliant a performance as it did in *The Bartered Bride*.

In a selection of Brahms Lieder, which includes some of the composer's best loved songs, Alfred Poell sings in a very polished style, and with fine tone. He is especially successful in *Der Gang zum Liebchen, Minnelied, Nachtigall*, and *Die Mainacht;* but in a Lieder recital a bass voice, however artfully managed, ends by tiring the ear and blunting the listener's receptiveness. The recording, provided your machine has plenty of top cut, sounds well (*N.). I would say the same of Hans Hotter's Wolf recital (*H.M.V.), though the recording is more comfortable. Apart from the Michelangelo Lieder, and one of the Heyse settings ("Geselle, woll'n wir uns in Kutten hüllen"), all the items chosen are philosophical poems by Goethe—substantial, but rather heavy fare.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,280

Set by Gerald Girardot

The usual prizes are offered for an expostulation to a bus conductor who tries to turn him off the platform at the traffic lights, delivered by any one of the following: Henry James, Socrates, Bernard Shaw, Oscar Wilde, or Carlyle. Limit 150 words. Entries by September 14.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,277

Set by Richard Lister

"Never before has life in the English countryside been so Russian as in this dismal summer," someone remarked the other day. The usual prizes are offered for the first 200 words of a novel set in the English countryside in August, 1954.

Report by Richard Lister

Fortunately Sir Harold Nicolson's announcement of the death of the novel in the Sunday papers came too late to deter our competitors, who demonstrated that in its last week of life the creature was still a most lively and Protean corpse. The hint of a Russian influence was taken up in two ways, but those who were influenced by the nineteenth-century masters, like D. G. Hall (disqualified, alas, for length)—"If only we could go back to town! Sell the house, finish our life here and go back to Town!"—were more successful than those, like L. G. Udall, who imagined the Soviet already established at somewhere like Andoversee. Others took "Russian" to convey only a hint of gloom and inactivity and this, given the wording, was allowable. P. M., Barbara Rickard, A. P. O'Dowd and J. P. Stevenson were close in at the finish in this style. N. J. Crisp's space ship novel was in the final consideration and John Brown could have won a prize if the setter could have squared his conscience with putting Soho in the country.

Stanley J. Sharpless's extract from *Frantic Hay* was only eliminated on the very last count. Two sports were irresistible as prize winners, Hilary's parody of Firbank and E. G. Yorath's of the Sartre of *The Reprieve*. Margaret Tims and Terence Melican score with straighter entries and I suggest that the prize money be divided equally between those four.

"I do believe it's clearing," said Uncle Francis. "Sandwiches tomorrow, my dear. Lakeside picnic, and all that." After three weeks, he spoke with conviction.

Elizabeth yawned over a page. Ridiculous old humbug! It was funny, people who'd grown up before the war could never see straight: always pretending. It's clearing up . . . things are getting better . . . soon be back to normal. What's normal, anyway?

The man called Herbert came in. He must be wanting a job from someone, or he'd never have stayed so long. He was quite ridiculous, and blue with cold. Just because they were technically on holiday, he insisted on wearing shorts. She supposed there must be a reason for him.

"Are you a fact, Herbert, or a muddy illusion?" Perhaps if she insulted him he would go away, and she could dream about Italy. Next year, she'd fake an invitation to Hastings from Lottie Pearson, and clear off to Italy without telling them. . .

Herbert dissolved into a grin, spoiling everything. "It's stopped raining."

"Don't be ridiculous, it's August."

He whistled his way hopefully to the door; she might be a dog. "It's lovely out. So fresh."

"Like hell. Green and forever dripping."

MARGARET TIMS

Her Sloppiness the Imperial Barmaid paused by the French windows. "*Jardins sous la parapluie!*" she sighed, watching Her Cosiness the Duchess approach through the rain across the forlorn lawn, her pekingese splashing after her in its little galoshes.

She held the window wide as Fifi, Last Duchess of Badroulbadour-on-Thames, swept in, scattering a scurry of splashes across the parquet.

"The tenantry will be here at two," cried Her Cosiness. "What shall we do to them, with the Grounds a paddy-field?"

"Indoor sports?" suggested the Imperial Barmaid shyly.

"The living-rooms won't hold them."

"One could spread to the bedrooms!"

"And the Fête?"

"Worse than Death!"

The Duchess brushed her streaming chevelure from her august brow. "And His Heartiness?" she inquired, "where is my son?"

"In person," replied the Barmaid, looking down the Long Gallery where, in truth, Bertie approached them, racquet in hand, threading his way between rows of blue-and-white flowered bedroom ewers spaced to catch the drips.

"Hullo, ladies," he cried, and such is the force of habit that he added "Anyone for tennis?"

The ladies looked at him icily.

"Table-tennis," he added as an afterthought.

The ladies looked away and sighed.

HILARY

In Hemel Hempstead the zinnias lay broken on the ground. "They're taking a beating," said Henry. At The Oval Pakistan were seven down for fifty-two. Alimuddin adjusted his cap and took guard. He thought: "We're taking a beating." Henry smiled sadly. Mr. Attlee smiled, and Mr. Malenkov made a note. Clem was thinking of London. The interpreter's voice, redolent of clammy heat, buzzed about the room. Georgi yawned and looked at Clem. "What brings him here?" he thought, and Alim said to umpire Dai Davies: "It's the rain."

"It's the rain," said Sid. Water swilled around the mud-splashed hut. "That makes twenty-one days lost this year, not counting strikes." And Jock said: "Who'd be a bricklayer?" He opened his newspaper, and found himself looking at a picture of Mr. Churchill, grinning behind a cigar.

"The old-so-and-so," he thought. He gave a dry, genial laugh. "I hope he drowns on his way to Downing St." And indeed, Mr. Malenkov had already drolly referred to it as Drowning St. . . .

E. G. YORATH

"The flies!" exclaimed Mrs. Anstruther suddenly. "How can there be so many?"

Her husband surveyed the morning-room anxiously from behind a copy of *The Times*, and said at last, "I don't see any at all, my dear."

"You don't understand, Henry. Really you're terribly *slow*, sometimes. I mean, obviously, why, when the weather is so wet, for days on end at times, why, when it is dry—when it *is* dry, I should say—are there just as *many* flies in the areas where there *are* flies, as ever? As ever before? Why?"

No answer occurred to anyone: the flies, it seemed, might well continue unmolested into that Indian Summer whose projected existence was an article of faith in all such weather as this.

"Heavy water," muttered Uncle Andrew. "The phrase alone is practically a confession. And they *say* it's nothing to do with it. Nothing!"

"I see that I could quite possibly explain my life as having been largely spent in waiting for the weather to change," said Mark Digby, a guest.

"Fanciful."

"Otherwise, in waiting to see if it would *not* change."

"Involved."

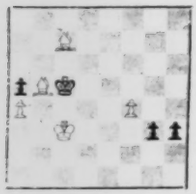
Prunella was fractious, evidently. . . .

TERENCE MELICAN

CHESS : Hunting the Cookhunters

No. 257

Another suitable headline may be "Rescue on the Cookhunting Field" or, better still perhaps, "*Vive Henri Rinck!*" For here indeed is good news for the admirers of that great composer, I dare say for all of us. Some of our *Kraftlösers*—this being the proud title conferred on them by Paul Heuäcker when they successfully cookhunted one of his own studies—some of these valiant crack-solvers, have nobly come to the rescue of the great Henr Rinck by hunting two of his cookhunters, tearing the prey from their grasp, and thereby saving one of the master's studies from obliquity; a very pretty one too. Here it is, and here let me repeat the author's solution. (1) B-B1, P-Kt7. (2) B x P, P x B. (3) B-Kt8, K-Kt3. (4) B-K5 and wins. Remember now (*N.S. & N.*, July 17) how some *Schach-Echo* readers claimed to have cooked the study by securing a draw like this: (3) . . . K-Q4. (4) B-R7, K-K5. (5) K-B4, K x P. (6) K-Kt5, K-K4. (7) K x P, K-Q3. (8) K-R6, K-B2 etc. Meanwhile D. W. Cohen, W. Rogers, A. J. Roycroft and J. D. Taylor, in one way or another, have managed to refute the refutors and, by unscrambling the mess, to restore a genuine Rinck to its unspoiled beauty. Here is Roycroft's most thorough (and, I hope, unanswerable) analysis, deviating on White's 7th move by postponing the capture of the P, suggested in the German analysis: (7) K-B6!, K-K3. (8) B-B5, K-K4.



If (8) . . .P=Q. (9) B x Q, K-K2. (10) B-Kt6.

(9) K-Kt6, K-Q4. (10) K-Kt5, K-K3.

If (10) . . .P=Q. (11) B x Q, K-Q3. (12) B-Kt6, K-Q2. (13) K-R6 and wins.

(11) K x P, K-Q2. (12) K-Kt6, K-B1. (13) K-R7, K-B2. (14) P-R5, K-B1. (15) P-R6, K-B2. (16) B-Kt1, K-B1. (17) B-R2, P queens ch. (18) B x Q, K-B2. (19) B-R2 ch, K-B1. (20) K-Kt6 and wins. Taylor's line of (6) B-Kt8 ch, followed by (7) B-R2 leads to much the same idea of keeping the Black K at bay; but like Rogers' deviation of (6) B-Q4 (which may be refutable by an immediate queening of the KtP) it isn't quite as clearcut as Roycroft's analysis. This gallant rescue operation performed by some of our solvers is all the more pleasing since it comes at a time when our own study competition is rousing considerable interest here and abroad. Already a good many entries have come in from the ranks of our own regular solvers and contributors, as well as from some exalted sources abroad. Whoever may still be unaware of it should turn to No. 250 (July 17). Prizes ranging from 4 gns. to 1 gn. Closing date October 11.

A: Kurt Richter 1937

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White had to cope with the immediate threat of the Black QP queening. He combined defence and attack so efficiently as to force Blacks' resignation after 3 moves. How? Both **B** and **C**—for 6 and 7 ladder-points respectively and both wins for White—obviously do homage to the memory of the great master who has just had one of his other works saved from oblivion.

B, incidentally, was dedicated to A. A. Troitzky.

B: Henri Rinck 1908

C: Henri Rinck 1923

Usual prizes. Entries by September 13.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 254. Set August 14

A: (1) Kt-Kt6, Kt-R2. (2) R x B! P x R. (3) Q x R ch, Q x Q. (4) B x P mate.

B: (1) R-KR6 ch, P x R ch. (2) K-R5, K-Kt2. (3) B-Kt6, P queens. (4) B-Q4 ch, etc.

C: (1) P-B4 ch, K x P. (2) Kt-Kt3 ch, K x P. (3) P queens, R x Q. (4) Q-K4 ch, etc.

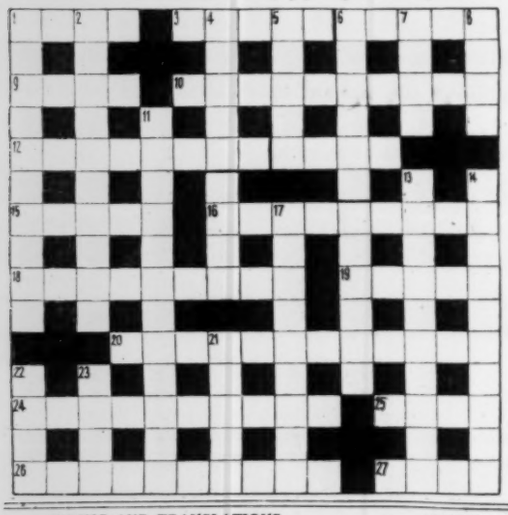
if (1) . . . K-R5. (2) B-Kt3 ch, K-R6. (3) Q x Q, B x Q. (4) P queens.

Nearly a score of correct solutions. Prizes shared by H. Ainsworth, R. C. Chaturvedi, M. Kaye, F. R. Oliver, J. M. Reid.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 116

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 116, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Sept. 14.



ACROSS

1. Upstart with no room for nonsense (4).
3. Work composed out of the pagan order (5, 5).
9. Birds with cockney cries? (4)
10. Disease on the farm could result in fewer vines (10).
12. Country enclosure for a London headquarters (8, 4).
15. To the Foreign Office this rule would be alien (5).
16. With one priest embracing another it sends the light in a new direction (9).
18. The old kingdom has a kind of butterfly beginning (9).
19. Measure of restraint? (5).
20. They know what is going to happen because they ask those who are late (12).
24. The artistic innovator exists in reforming art rules (10).
25. A capital bean (4).
26. It is useful for tying up small capital (10).
27. It helps to put a shirt on horses (4).

DOWN

1. Diana's vehicle is crazy (10).
2. They have two premises (10).
4. Rose's relative has a quarrel with a worker concerning the East (5, 4).
5. Female found at the end of the occupation (5).
6. This may be pronounced on coxed craft perhaps (6, 6).
7. Ill will of a loveless messenger (4).
8. They may be said before graces (4).
11. Rulers initiate the growth of epochs, with something catching in them (12).
13. One who plans general policy finally has the essence of the matter (10).
14. Where one can take a good view of a great partnership? (10)
17. Member of an association for seamen possibly (9).
21. Measure for a sovereign (5).
22. Beheaded stingers are still stingers (4).
23. Spirit of music (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 114

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 114

J. M. Eckersley (Oxford), J. Wilson (Voorschoten), Eric Tatton (Leek).

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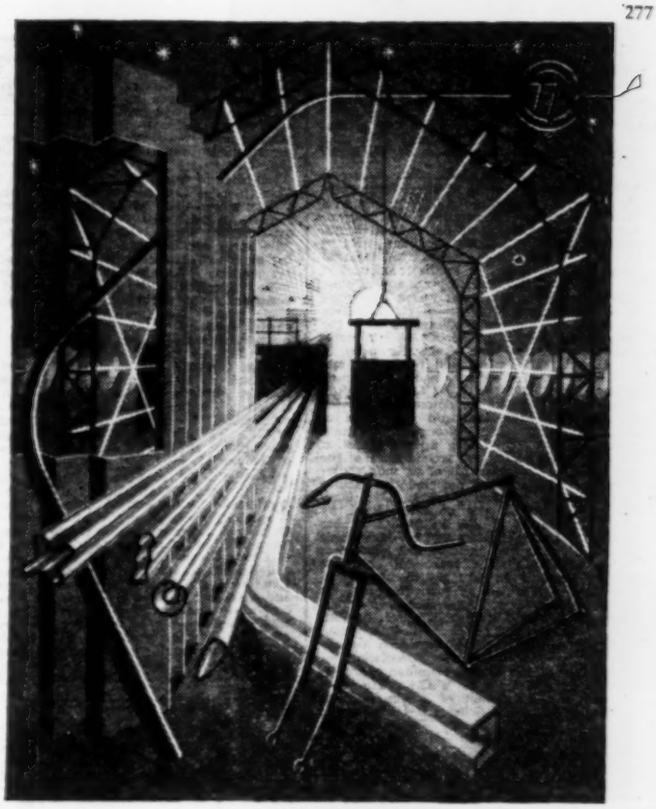

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

VICTORIA University College (University of New Zealand). The Council of Victoria University College proposes shortly to appoint a Lecturer in Comparative Social Administration, and invites applications from suitably qualified persons for this post. Applicants must have suitable academic qualifications and previous research in the fields of the Lectureship would be an advantage. Knowledge of Social Administration and services in Asian Countries would be considered a recommendation. Experience in administration, if additional to suitable academic qualification, would also be an advantage. The salary will be £892 8s. per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,042 8s. per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. The successful applicant would be expected to take up his duties on January 1, 1955, or at such other date as may be agreed upon by the College Council. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is October 15, 1954.

UNIVERSITY of Belfast. The Senate of the Queen's University of Belfast invites applications for the post of Tutor in Practical Work in the School of Social Studies from October 1, 1954, or such later date as may be arranged. Initial placing on the salary scale of £550 × £50 to £800 plus F.S.S.U. benefits, will depend on qualifications and experience. Candidates should hold a University degree and have had practical experience in a family case-work agency, but arrangements to gain such experience can be made for a successful candidate who is otherwise well qualified. Applications should be submitted by September 18, 1954. Further particulars may be obtained from G. R. Cowie, M.A., LL.B., Secretary.

B.B.C. requires Programme Assistant for German Service to write feature programmes and talks in German on wide range of subjects. Sound political judgment based on wide knowledge of international affairs and good general education essential. Journalistic experience, radio script-writing ability, first-hand knowledge of conditions in East Zone of Germany and acceptable microphone performance desirable. Appointment normally not exceeding three years initially. Salary £780, £865 or £980 according to qualifications, plus expatriation allowance £135, and separation allowance £115 where applicable for candidate recruited from abroad. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "384 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

THE Research Laboratories of The General Electric Co., Ltd., East Lane, North Wembley, Middx. have a vacancy for a Statistician. Candidates should hold a good honours mathematics degree, preferably with physics up to at least Inter. B.Sc. standard, and must have completed National Service if under 26 years of age. This post involves the use of modern techniques applied to queueing problems, auto-correlation, information theory, sequential analysis, experimental design, etc. This is a senior position in which personal qualities of tact, initiative, and the ability to get on well with staff (including factory staff) at all levels are essential. Apply in writing to the Staff Manager (Ref. RLO/45), giving full particulars of age, qualifications and experience.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Committee. Part-time Instructors rqd. for Youth Organisations in the South-West Middx., experienced & trained in drama, music (including choral singing) or handicrafts (for girls & boys). Fees: minimum 10s. p. hr.; 13s. 6d. 1½ hrs.; 18s. 2 hrs. Prescribed conditions. Application forms & further details from Youth Officer, Youth Employment Bureau, Stanwell Rd., Ashford, Middx., returnable by September 18 (quote P.6 N.S.N.). Canvassing disqualifies.

HIGH Wick, Tyttenhanger, St. Albans, Herts. Applications are invited for the following resident appointments (new posts: establishment is being enlarged) at the above Home for psychotic and grossly maladjusted children: House Mother, S.R.N. Essentials for this worth-while work are previous experience with children, initiative, humour, understanding and abundant energy. Salary and conditions of service according to Whitley Council Scale. Junior Assistant House Mothers (2). A worth-while career is offered to young girls of 18 years or over who are fond of children, willing, adaptable and energetic. Apply for further particulars and forms of application to the Group Secretary, Mid Herts Group Hospital Management Committee, Bleak House, Catherine Street, St. Albans, Herts.

APPLICATIONS are invited from well-educated persons of good social background for senior posts on appeals staff of important Anglo-Israeli organisation. Candidates should possess intitutive, originality, outstanding organising qualities, ability to address meetings, flair for publicity, thorough knowledge British Jewry and Israeli affairs. Write in confidence to Executive Director, Technion Society of Great Britain, 39/41 James St., Wigmore St., London, W.1

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Scientific Officers; Scientific Officers; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable appointments. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1954, but early application is advised as an earlier closing date may eventually be announced. Interview Boards will sit at frequent intervals. The Scientific posts cover a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In biological subjects the number of vacancies is small: individual vacancies exist at present for candidates who have specialised in palæobotany, foraminifera, malacology and lichenology. The Patent posts are in the Patent Office (Board of Trade), and Ministry of Supply. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first- or second-class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or for Scientific posts, possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer and Patent posts taking their degrees in 1954 may apply before the result of their degree examination is known. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted. For Scientific Officers and Patent Classes, between 21 and 28 during 1954 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). Salary (London) Senior Scientific Officers: (men) £975—£1,150; (women) £845—£1,025. Scientific Officers, (men) £470—£855; (women) £470—£750. Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes (men) £440—£760 (rates under review). Women's rates somewhat lower. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S/53/54 for Senior Scientific Officers and S. 52/54, S. 128/54 for the other posts. National Gallery. A vacancy exists in the laboratory for a Senior Scientific Officer (Chemist) Duties involve the analysis and testing of materials used in the Conservation Department, and assisting in the development of new techniques. An interest in chromatographic methods would be advantageous. Opportunities exist for research. The general qualifications and conditions are as set out in the main advertisement above. Candidates for this post should quote S4363/53/54 and the closing date for applications is September 23, 1954.

CIVIL Service Commission. Assistant Director of Examinations: Applications are invited for this pensionable post in the Commission (London). Selection by interview in October. Age at least 25 on September 1, 1954. Qualifications: Degree, preferably with first-class honours, and some experience in administration or teaching or examining. Duties include administrative work connected with recruitment by interview, and academic work on written examinations up to honours degree standard. Salary, including extra duty allowance where payable, £507—£1,479 men, £507—£1,317 women. Starting salary up to £1,118 men, £944 women, according to age and experience. Applications and full details from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1. Quote 4370/54. Application forms to be returned by October 7, 1954.

LONDON County Council requires qualified and experienced Child Welfare Officer (Temporary in first instance) initially for duties in connection with Wood Vale, Elder Rd., S.E.25 (home for 278 children, 5-15 years), including rehabilitation and providing contacts for friendless children and involving liaison with 9 area children's officers. Salary £541 17s. 6d., rising to £701 5s. Applic. forms (s.a. f'cap envelope) from Children's Officer (CH/A.1./1022), County Hall, S.E.1, returnable by September 25.

CITY of Birmingham Children's Committee. Appointment of Children's Visitor. Applications invited from suitably qualified women for the post of Children's Visitor. Salary in accordance with Grade A.P.T. II for applicants who have successfully completed the Central Training Course for Boarding-Out Officers and/or who possess a degree or Social Science Diploma. A candidate with casework experience in preventive work in child care would find scope in this post, which has become vacant upon the marriage of the present holder. Closing date for applications: September 14, 1954. Further details may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 102 Edmund Street, Birmingham 3. P.O. Box 93.

THE Outward Bound Sea School, Aberdovey, Merionethshire, have the following vacancies on their permanent staff (age under 35): Athletics Coach with some experience in camping or canoeing, single, £450 p.a. resident; Sailing Instructor (small boats), M.o.T. certificate or equivalent, £450/£500 p.a. resident (plus £120 p.a. living-out allowance if married). Applications to the Warden.

SECRETARY required by scientist and farmer in Oxford. Non-routine and varied full-time job. Work includes elementary accounts, P.A.Y.E., farming statistics, and general secretarial duties. University degree and some knowledge French an advantage. Intelligence, conscientiousness and efficiency more important than long previous exper. Salary £550 p.a. with increments. Box 646.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ASSISTANT to take charge of Labour Party press cuttings service. Knowledge of current affairs, library classification and Labour Movement an advantage. Salary grade £472-£492. Application form, obtainable from the Secretary, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, S.W.1, to be returned by September 25.

VERY large Dental Clinic, London, has vacancies for lay administrative staff, whole or part-time. Training period of three months £8 per wk. rising to £750 and upwards over 3 yrs., or pro rata for part-time. Apply Staff Supervisor (N), 33 Gresham Rd., S.W.9.

YOUTH Leaders wanted for Co-operative Youth Movement local groups—Playways (7-11 years), Pathfinders (11-15 years), and Youth Clubs (15-20 years)—meeting one evening weekly for about 45 weeks a year commencing September. For application form and further details write, Education Department, South Suburban Co-operative Society, Ltd., 62 Croydon Rd., Penge, London, S.E.20.

MATRON and other personnel wanted for Jewish Old Age Home in London. Knowledge of German desirable. Box 562.

READING University reqs. resident Lady/Domestic Help for Students' Sanatorium. Permanent or during terms. For partics. apply Matron, 16 Northcourt Ave., Reading.

RESIDENTIAL Social Service centre requires member of staff to cook and take charge of domestic arrangements for 8-10 persons. Salary £170-£220 p.a. and residence. Apply to Family Service Unit, 56 Grove Street, Liverpool.

REQD. by large Indian Competition organisation, a publicity manager with considerable experience of organising publicity and advertising. Must be able to supply original and novel ideas. Reqd. reside in South India. Apply, giving details of exp., etc. Box 538.

WOMAN Personnel Officer reqd. for Lamp Factory near Manchester with 700 employees. Applicants with University education and some industrial experience should write to Personnel Officer, Osram G.E.C. Lamp Works, Hammersmith, W.6.

THE Nature Conservancy require two Personal Assistants over 21. Candidates should have had good education, secretarial training and office experience. Degree and interest in Natural History an advantage. Salary £340 × £15 - £385 × £10 - £420, and proficiency allowances in appropriate cases. Applications giving details of age, education, qualifications, previous posts and names and addresses of two referees, one qualified to speak for ability in the duties and one for character and health to Establishment Officer (P.A.), The Nature Conservancy, 19 Belgrave Square, London, S.W.1, within two weeks of appearance of this advertisement.

THE Nature Conservancy require Secretary/Shorthand-typists for Scientific, Administrative, Land Agents' and Committee Sections at their London Headquarters. Good educational and secretarial qualifications essential. Interest in Natural History an advantage. Starting salaries from £266 - £344 according to age and ability with proficiency allowances in appropriate cases. 24 days' annual leave plus public holidays. Applics. with details as in preceding advertisement to Establishment Officer (S), The Nature Conservancy, 19 Belgrave Square, London, S.W.1.

ASSISTANT Secretary required by London office of International Voluntary Work Camp Organisation, to start as soon as possible. Max. salary £450. Wide scope in interesting work. Applications to I.V.S.P., 19 Pembridge Villas, W.11, before Sept. 20.

TRAVELLERS, agents, for advertising novelties. Convex, 41 Brecknock Rd. N.7.

WOMEN wanted (educ. & of gd. appear.) to call on members on behalf of Jew. Children's Organ. Full/part-time. Box 760.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and shorthand typists wanted for temporary work on our Emergency Staff; 10-5, no Sats. £7. Introductions to good perm. posts without fee. Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

WANTED, lady to live with Oxford family and teach backward but not difficult girl 15 handwork & simple lessons. Box 727.

NATIONAL Association of Parents of Backward Children have a vacancy for Secretary S/Typist in small office to take charge now and later assist with planned development of Association. Salary £350. Particulars to Chairman, N.A.P.B.C., 84/86 Chancery Lane, London, E.C.4.

LABOUR M.P. reqs. full-time secretary. Expert sh.-typing essential. Box 648.

EXPD. sec. shthnd. correspondent, able work own initiative, small office manufrs. & exporters of educational & engineering lines. Closed Jewish hols. Write Convex, 41 Brecknock Rd., N.7. Nr. Camden Town.

NATIONAL Voluntary Society, London, W.C.1, requires shorthand/typist/clerk. Interesting work, friendly office, pension scheme. Box 615.

SECRETARY wanted by proprietor of remote country hotel. Write: Gallery in the Hills, Longformacus, Berwickshire.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9070.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

FINE Art Booksellers require intelligent educated shorthand-typist for clerical/secretarial work. High degree of accuracy essential. French and German required but English mother tongue. Write particulars, age, educ., exper., salary reqd. Box 690.

COMPETENT Sh./Typist (book-k.) reqd. by Jewish Welfare Organ. N. London. Full details (age, exp., sal. reqd.), Box 602.

SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

ST. STEPHEN'S Secretariat, 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2, & 316 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. (near Victoria Station), welcomes temporary sh./typists & copy typists. Salary up to 9gns.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG woman, 29, doctor's wife, seeks part-time employment. Would undertake agency for interesting goods, Manchester, Salford, etc. Box 597.

YOUNG man (28) sks. interesting work, ex-student of Philosophy, Politics, Literature. Interested in the arts, wishes to meet enlightened people, anything consid. Box 663.

WILL someone please help young Ceylonese with 2 years' auditing exp. in W.-E. firm of Incorporated Accountants, skg. articles with chartered accountant? Box 720.

ARTIST, 30, seeks regular, congenial employment where initiative and hard work adequately compensated. Main experience in church work. Adaptable. Box 642.

SECRETARY sks. happy res. post, cntry. Gen. off., hotel bkpg.-rec., typg. PAYE exp., flower armnts. Sgle., Fr./Veg. Box 738.

SEC./sh./typ. (Eng. Hons.) reqs. permanent job, finishing 4.30 p.m. Box 724.

YOUNG woman, 28, sec. exp., intell., adaptable, sks. job in civilised household or community. London area. Box 623.

YOUNG married woman, early thirties, ex-ballet dancer & teacher, expd. office work, interested in books, publishing, dancing, arts, sks. interesting job London. Box 611.

WELL-educated young lady, expd. sec./sh.-typist, with country interests, reqs. post far from the Madding Crowd. Box 661.

WELL-educated woman (32), intelligent, competent, conscientious, varied clerical exp., figures, typing, excel. French, sks. interesting post opport. initiative. Ready work hard for appreciative employer. Box 659.

MAGAZINE correspondence. Exp. woman journalist (freelance), interested fellow humans, desires work on personal problems page. Box 630.

B.A. Hons. f. Social studies, 23, teach. exp., sks. post. Hayes 2366 or Box 722.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

PERSONAL

ICELANDIC Civil Servant (50) sks. residence English family October/December to increase his knowledge of English. Please state terms, etc. Box 594.

ENGLISHMAN (31) touring Rhine valley, Switzerland and around, in Convertible, approx. 2 wks. from Sept. 26, can take 2/3 passengers. Share costs. Box 767.

PERSONALIST Club. A new approach to writing, theatre, psychology, human affairs, conversation, people, all interests. Write for details, Box 427.

GENTLEMAN, 30's, leisurely motoring Brittany 2 wks., late Sept., reqs. passenger companion (m.), share exps. Box 680.

INDIAN girl, med. student, reqs. accom. in family nr. Holloway Rd. Box 692.

WANTED, experienced coach G.C.E. Latin. Box 677.

MIDDLE-aged woman teacher, expert backward children, langs., offers help mornings exch. semi/unfurn. acc. SHE. 5658.

FRENCHMAN, wishing to learn English, would teach French in return 3 months' board. Write Rabut, 5 Rue Maubeuge, Paris, 9me.

VIOLIST wishes to form, or join, amateur string quartet. FOR. 2714.

EFFICIENT English-German Translator (f.) for fiction and science, now in London, seeks contact authors/agents. Box 750.

PHYSICS coaching urgently required for G.C.E., advanced level. Box 671.

STUDIO, old Antibes, avail. from mid-October. Quiet, comfortable, moderate, 2 beds. Box 425.

FOSTER home within 50 mls. of London urgently needed for Anglo-Indian sisters aged 2 years and 1 year. Particulars obtainable from the Area Children's Officer, L.C.C., 34 Fulham Palace Rd., W.6. (RIV. 5031).

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts. Special membership offer, entrance fee suspended until September 15. For details apply 17 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 6186.

PERSONAL—continued

HAMPSTEAD Choral Society. 1954/5 programme includes St. Matthew Passion on March 15 (Festival Hall) and Britten, Bach, Vaughan Williams on November 6. Practices on Wednesdays 8-10 p.m. under Martindale Sidwell, from September 15. Good singers in all voices are invited to write to Mrs. Ryan, 21 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 2894.

AMERICAN scholar after twelve years of intensive study prepared to launch new philosophy derived from the natural and social sciences. At present needs small assistance for purposes of assembling and publishing work in forthcoming year. Eventual repayment. Box 484.

SOUTH of France, easy reach Nice. To let in picturesque village, charm. furn. cottage, sleep 3. State dates. Box 482.

WRITER, early 30s, experienced teaching, editing, reviewing. Conscientious. Full- or part-time. Box 431.

HANNEN Beith, Photographer of Men, will take you in your home or at your office. For appointments ring WEL. 6655.

FREE room, breakfast, small payment offd. lady for 2 hours daily light duties and regular evening return 9.30 p.m. MAI. 6319.

PARTNER wanted for periodical publishing venture. Mod. investment. Box 159.

COM. Entce., Maths, French, Physics for beg. by retd. Headmaster. Box 9887.

STUDENT seeks part-time job in evenings or at weekends. Anything considered. Reply Box 637.

SEEK Campers £400 p.a., world motor tour following sunshine, earning something harvesting. 78 Rue D'Arlon, Brussels.

ERIC Gill. Original, magnificent nude drawings, male/female. Details 2½d. stamp. Armstrong, Rose Cottage, Upper Hartfield, Sussex.

MALE voices urgently needed for unaccompanied choir rehearsing Tues. evgs. in Central London, starting Sept. 21. Season's work to include a Byrd Mass & a Bach Motet. Some vacancies also for ladies. Please apply, stating experience, to the Secretary, J. Dixon, 162 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

YOUNG widely-travelled American girl teacher, cosmopolitan culture, reqs. job pref. in London or Chester, where personality, intellect and initiative are recognised and appreciated. Refs. Box 631.

LADY (car), aptitude outdoor work, animal-breeding, artistic; interested immersion creative projects, deep country, offd. share by another. Simple hospitality. Box 627.

YOUNG woman despairingly flat-hunting seeks another on same quest. Box 658.

RIVIERA Holiday. Gentleman wishes to join or arrange mid.-age party 2-4 wks. from mid-September. Box 670. TER. 3964.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

WHY don't you write to Douglas V. Morgan, private astrologer? Details s.a.e.: Fairfield, Energlyn, Caerphilly.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WELbeck 6655 for details.

MATHS for Matric., Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—The ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1gn. to 5gns, a box. One quality only, the best! Write for Catalogue. Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. Phone: Wivelsfield Green 232/233.

NATURE Cure in Action. Qualified Practitioners, discussions and demonstrations. Organic farm & creative workshops. Brochure: Sec., Blunham House, Bedfordshire.

YOUR Writing Success begins with "Know-How." Send for Free N.3. "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, London, W.1.

A FOREIGN language an asset: practical training in children's care and light house duties for young ladies arranged au pair with pocket money in excellent French families for 6/12 months. Educ. Touring Serv., 10 Exhibition Road, London, S.W.7.

ORDINARY Writing at 100-120 words per min. All langs. Test less. 2½d. Dutton Speedwords NS, 92/3 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

ADPHONES. If you want to buy or sell anything privately. Any and every article for you and your home. Property, accommodation. Personal services. 4 Wellington Terrace, Bayswater Road, W.2. Bayswater 7224. Adphones.

NERVOUS Tension Relieved by Nerve Manipulation. A relaxing and invigorating treatment, a reintegrating therapy of proved value. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., W.1. WEL. 9600. Ask for brochure.

POETRY and Drama: see Braziers Park under "Lecture Courses."

WANTED urgently, buy/borrow, double-end pram. View London/South. Box 749.

PERSONAL—continued

SUNSHINE Holidays. Store up sun for the winter and join one of our informal parties to Italy, Spain, Majorca or the South of France! Departures: Sept. 11, 12, 18, 25 or October 2. Contact Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, S.W.7. Ken. 0911.

SPAIN, Costa Brava, informal, unherded, small party or independent. Mid-September. Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq., W.C.1.

SPAIN, Tossa, Sitges, 15 days, small mixed informal unherded party. Mid-September. Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Square, W.C.1.

ENJOY yourself at informal painting classes, West End studio. Professional tuition for beginners. Also Rowland Hilder and Louis Crombeke give painting weekends in country. Every comfort in luxurious house. Box 656.

TREE-LOVERS' Calendar. Twelve beautiful studies with poetic quotations by Richard St. Barbe Baker. 5s. each; 58s. dozen. Toad Hall, Blakehill Avenue, Parkstone, Dorset.

WINTER Sports. Preliminary information of our 1954/55 Winter Sports arrangements is available now! A free holiday is offered to organisers of parties of 16. Write for full details: Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

SPANISH Guitar, genuine Panormo c.1847. Beautiful condition, £17 with case. 15 Meredyth Rd., S.W.13. PRO. 2423.

BIRTHDAYS. We take particular pleasure in being specialists in children's birthday cards, presents and gifts for small guests. Paul & Marjorie Abbatt, Ltd., Dept. NS, 94 Wimpole St., London, W.1. (Our own 22nd Birthday this month.)

SPEECH Consultant. All problems. Miles-Brown, 38 Wigmore St., W.1. WIM. 2482.

SPEAK French, short intensive crse. basic conversn. 11 Charing X Rd. (opp. Garrick Thtre.). Open 1-9.30 p.m. TRA. 2044.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

OLIVER Warnock-Fielden, Naturopath, 6 Kenton Rd., Harrow. Tel. Byron 1214. Thursdays 22 Lower Belgrave St., Victoria.

MATHEMATICIAN coaches to Gen. Cert. of Educ. and to open Scholarship level. 33 Nottingham Place, W.1. WEL. 8022.

P.S. Failing the consolation of an Indian Summer why not enjoy a Swiss Winter? Harold Ingham's ski-parties at Bretaye will provide sun, snow and good company. Write to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate. 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. 'Phone BAY. 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly terms arrg.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel. 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15s. daily.

HOTEL Res. Sgle. fr. 3gns. wk. Dble. 5gns. inc. bkfast. H. & C. Tel. Porters. Restnt. White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

2-ROOMED furnished s/c. flat, kit./bath. Chelsea. 4gns. Box 111.

N.W.3 and 8. Furnished and unfurnished flats wanted and to let. The Flat Finder, 5 Pond St., N.W.3. HAM. 5804.

WESTMINSTER. bed-sit. rm. in pleas. private house, cooking facils., cleaning, linen; suit gentleman. 55s. p.w. Apply: 23 Maunsel Street, S.W.1.

GRADUATE household, single room 45s. 6d. Pleasant home. Hampstead 8109.

S.W.20. Comf. rm. for lady. Nr. stn./buses. C.h.w. Use b/k. 30s. Box 696.

ARTIST'S Widow (36) offers share gdn. flat/studio N.W. London. Refs. Box 492.

TO let single & double divan-bed-sitting rooms, with partial board. Terms mod. 'Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

GRADUATE couple offer furnished bed-sit. in pleasant surroundings. N.8. Use kitchen, bath., phone, 35s. MOU. 3991.

WOMAN graduate (27) offers share furn. flat W.11, from October. Box 593.

ATTRACT. room avail. Hamilton Terr. Ideal business girl, student. Low rent in exch. agreed number trouble-free baby-sitting evgs. Full independence. Box 473.

SUPERIOR house. Sgle. b/s. room, ckg. facs. Kilburn Tube area. HAM. 2132.

WIMBLEDON Common. Top-floor flatlet, bed-sitt. & kitchenette, use bath, tel. Suit professional girl. 45s. WIM. 4101.

TWO separate newly furnished, decorated bed-sits. Service, linen, 2½-3½gns. One minute Earl's Court station. Private flat suit professional person. FRE. 7982.

HAMPSTEAD. Rm. (20'×14') for author/artist to work in. £7 mth. Box 685.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

MODESTLY furnished 2-rmd. flat, 50s. No children. Water, gas, use bath. Box 747 or 'phone GUL. 3794.

HIGHGATE Village. Large sunny well-furnished bed-sit. room in quiet house for woman teacher or student. Use of kit. Rent 37s. 6d. MOU. 5619.

WELL-furn. sgle. rm. 12 ft. sq. £2 15s. incl. cleaning, use kit., bath., gas, C.H.W., bed-lin., milk 'frig., elec. fire, check met. Perm. Prof. woman pref. MAI. 5267.

MAIDA Vale. Bed & br. & evening meal & bed-sitting room for 2, £3 5s. each, vacant Oct. 2. MAI. 3657 after 2 p.m.

CENT. heat. furn. dble. b. sit.-rm., own kit., bath, W.C. near bus, Tube, suit cple./2 ladies. Phone after 7 p.m. GLA. 7563.

LARGE newly furnished room to let. Attractive. Quiet. Ring STA. 5085.

ATTR. comf. large room in mod. blk. of flats; next to bathrm., const. h.w., own ckr. West Hampstead, nr. West End buses. Suit bus. lady. 35s. inc. light. MAI. 9202.

PARTLY furn./furn. 2 lge. rooms, own kit., use bathrm., tel., in maisonette flat. £4 10s. Vacant Sept. 5. Box 601.

IF you want a divan-room newly furnished in contemporary style, with cabinet cooker and dated carpet, close buses and Highgate tube, ring MOU. 9610 for details. Singles £3 and £3 5s. Double £3 15s.

WELL-Furnished bed-sitting room situated in best residential part of Kensington. Ideal for business or profesional gentleman, requiring permanent accommodation with easy access to City and West End. Reply Box 682.

CHISWICK: Furn. flat offered for 1 year, 3 rooms, share kitchen, bath. Suit 2 people or small family. CHI. 7966.

RICHMOND. Lge. sunny sgle. bd.-rm. lovely river view, gas and ring, use bath-kit. 2½gns. inc. Bus. woman. RIC. 0973.

FULLY equipped bed-sitting rooms. Young people preferred. Bromley, Kent. Easy access London. Ravensbourne 0533.

FIVE-room s/c. furn. flat, cen. htg., amidst Ascot's pines yet nr. buses & trains. 5gns. Suit 2, 3 or 4 artists, writers, etc. Vacant Oct. Ascot 220 after 9 p.m.

CAMBRIDGE. Comf. flat, sleep 3, gar., Sept. 12-Oct. 2, 6gns. p.w. Westbrook, 3 Brooklands Ave. (Tel. 2714.)

CORNISH Village (unspoiled). Furn. flat, mod. convens, sleep 3, beautiful view Fowey Harbour. Perm. or period. Box 737.

FURN. accom. (kitchenette), mod. con. Sea/mountains. Glorious scenery. Also caravan. Frondderw, Llwyngwril, Merioneth.

WOMAN graduate requires small flat, N.W. pref., garden, for quiet study. Box 48.

ART Editor and wife require studio flat London area. Reasonable. Box 541.

YNG. teaching cple. req. furn./pt. furn. flat Wimbledon; S.W. Lond. Box 603.

BEDRM., bkft., poss. evg. meals, wanted with high cultural English family, London Sept. 15 to Dec. 15 by Italian scientific research worker with Fellowship. Box 662.

DR. and wife req. furn. s/c. accom. 6/8 wks. mid-Sept. London. EAL. 3837.

WANTED: Studio (painting), residential. Please reply Box 613.

WANTED, single room, cooking facilities, H. & C., near King's Road, Chelsea, in September. Write Box No. 951, Keith & Co., 137 Prince Street, Edinburgh.

RESEARCHER wants share in young people's flat, W. or N.W. Box 726.

GRADUATE (m) house-trained with little furn. seeks room or share in flat. Access. Victoria pref. VIC. 7132 evenings 7-8.

UNFURN. or partly-furn. bachelor flat in N.W., W. or Central London by Civil Servant (economics grad.). Box 730.

STUDENT, male, 23, reqs. furn./unfurn. accom. Convenient for Aldwych. Central London preferred. Quiet essential. Box 733.

UNFURNISHED s/c. 2-3 roomed flat, £2-£3 p.w., wanted by professional woman, London area. Box 746.

TEACHERS (married couple) require unfurn. flat. Will pay £150 f. & f. Box 743.

QUIET sgl. m. 29 reqs. bed-sit./flatlet, with/without board, easy reach cent. London. Alt. guest house wd. suit. Box 752.

MUSIC critic, wife, req. urg. unf. flat, lge. rms.; willing decorate; mod. rent, no f. and f. Refs. Rent in adv. GIP. 1655.

CAMBRIDGE medical student, reading for Finals, requires accommodation with family, convenient for Central London. Box 576.

SELF-contd. flat reqd. Baker St., Regents Park, Marylebone. One-two rms., kit./bath. Furn. or unfurn. Box 778.

WOMAN lect. reqs. part furn./unfurn. sm. flat. Cent. Lond. pref'd. Box 481.

DR. & wife req. furn./unfurn. s/c flat Oct. 1. Conven. Maudsley Hosp. Box 408.

FURN. flatlet or room and kit reqd. by lady pianist for one year. Box 660.

BIRMINGHAM. Teacher, wife and baby son require self-contained flat, furnished or unfurnished. Box 510.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR 1075. Tues.-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 5.30 & 8.30. From Sept. 7, "The Long Voyage Home," by Eugene O'Neill.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). 7.30 (ex. M.), St. Sun. 5 & 8. The Diary of a Nobody. Mems.

UNITY Theatre (Eus. 5391).—"Dockers' Tanner." Fris., Sats., Suns. 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. a year.

IRVING Th., Leic. Sq. WHI. 8657. Ntly. ex. Mon., 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "Late Night Party." Mems. 10s. yr. incldg. Guest Ticket.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Sept. 5: "The Browning Version" (A). From Sept. 6: "The Astonished Heart" (A). From Sept 9: "Aan" (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre. South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Sept. 4, Harold Lloyd in "Feet First" (U). 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., Sept. 5, 7.30. "Manon," Cert. X. France.

"SONG of the Man." British Première Bulgaria's latest and greatest film (35 m.m.). Epic of Vaptsarov, Hero-Poet of the Resistance, in the presence of H.E. The Bulgarian Minister. Also Bulgarian songs and dances. 10th Anniversary Celebration Bulgarian Liberation. Wed., Sept. 8, 7 p.m., Islington Town Hall. Seats guaranteed ticket holders. Apply Society for Friendship with Bulgaria, 42 Tavistock St. W.C.2. Adm. free.

PECKHAM Co-op. Film Society, Co-op. Hall, Rye Lane, Sept. 9 at 7.30 p.m. Buster Keaton's "The Navigator," and other films. First Show of season. Adm. free to friends of mems. For detls. future Prog. send p.c. to Thompson, 10 Marsden Rd., S.E.15.

CONTEMPORARY Dance Theatre Centre. Famous American dancer Eleanor King, with Robert B. Smith concert pianist, Toynbee Hall Theatre, Aldgate, E.1. Monday, September 6, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 5s., 3s. 6d.

CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Diamond Jubilee Season. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30 until Sat., Sept. 18. Tickets: 8s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2s. 6d., available nightly at doors only.

JACQUES Orchestra, Mayflower Barn, Jordans. Sat., September 11, 5 p.m. Haydn and Mozart Symphonies, Brandenburg No. 6, Berkeley Serenade. Tickets 6s. H. Nicholson, Sunnybrae, Jordans, Bucks.

2ND Bath Bach Festival, October 9-16. 14 concerts. 34 soloists. Complete Brochure from Bach Festival Secretary, Bath. (2½d. Stamp).

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18, Dover St., W.1, "Items for Collectors"; sculptures, paintings and drawings. Daily 11-6. Closing Sept. 4. Opening Sept. 9: Sunday Painters. Arranged by Robert Melville. Mon.-Sat. 10.30-6 p.m. Closed Sundays.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq., W.C.2 Group Show—Ambrose, Nicoll, Schwarz, Tindle, Russell, Denise Williams. From Aug. 27 to Sept. 16. Gallery open daily from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. incl. Sats.

NATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art. Paintings, mosaics. Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, W.1. 10-5. Until Sept. 29. 1s. Children 6d.

SCULPTURE In The Open Air. Holland Park, Kensington High St. Daily 10—dusk. Admission 1s. 3d., Children 9d.

GERHARD Marcks. Open-air exhibition of Sculpture. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Closes Sept. 4. Fri., Sat. 10-6. Admission free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. New Paintings by Paul Feiler: Paintings & Drawings by Christopher Wood. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes Oct. 2.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. French paintings XIX and XX Century. Daily 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood, London. Exhibition of early Wedgwood. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W.1. Selection from the Young Contemporaries. First Sculpture Exhibition, H. Dalwood.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Pl., W.1. Summer Exhibition. 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. Royal Plate from Buckingham Palace. The State and Private Apartments completely furnished. New restorations and exhibits. 10 to 8 daily inc. Sunday.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

SHAW Society Miscellany (incl. Ellen Pollock), Sept. 10, 7 p.m. National Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture, Sundays, 8 p.m. Sept. 5: "Death—Normal and Abnormal."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

NATIONAL Book League Lectures and Entertainments in September. Wednesday 8th, Fork Lunch to meet Angus Wilson. Chairman: Miss L. V. Paulin. 12.30 p.m. Members 3s. 6d., non-members 4s. 6d. (including refreshments). Wednesday 22nd, Entente Cordiale. Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, Dr. Alfred Cobban, B. S. Townroe. Chairman: Edward Hulton. 6 p.m. Members 2s., non-members 3s. (including refreshments). Thursday 23rd, Dr. David Daiches on Richardson. Chairman: Percy Muir. 7.30 p.m. Members 1s., non-members 2s. Wednesday 29th, The Selectors of this year's 100 Best Designed British Books defend their choice: James Shand, Hugh Williamson, David Bland. Chairman: Sir Francis Meynell. 6 p.m. Members 2s., non-members 3s. (including refreshments). All at 7 Albemarle Street, W.1. (HYDe Park 9001.)

SOCIETY for Friendship With Bulgaria. Lectures on Life and Literature in Bulgaria. Collets' Book Gallery, 44 Museum St., W.C.1. Mondays at 7 p.m. Admission free. Sept. 6. Dr. V. de S. Pinto: "Bulgarian Life and Literature up to the Second World War." Sept. 13. Commander E. P. Young, R.N. (Rtd.): "The Role of Peoples' Libraries in the Liberation Movement." Sept. 20. Mrs. Beatrice King: "Education for a Changing Society." Sept. 27. Miss Gladys Driver: "Vaptsarov and Bulgarian Liberation."

ABBE Pierre, Odd Nansen, Prof. Josué de Castro, the Hon. K. A. Gbedemah, Prof. Alexander Haddow, Jim Pitman, M.P., and the Rt. Hon. Clement Davies, Q.C., M.P., speak at World Government meeting, Central Hall, Westminster, Thursday, September 9, 1954, at 7 p.m., Chairman Gilbert McAllister. Admission free. Reserved seats 5s. and 2s. 6d., available from Secretary-General, World Association of Parliamentarians for World Government, 21 Hampstead Lane, Highgate Village, N.6

SEPT: 6. London Jewish Graduates' Association. Rabbi Louis Jacobs, M.A., on "The Flexibility of Jewish Law." Horse Shoe Hotel, W.1 (next Dominion Theatre). 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

CENTRAL London Fabian Socy. Wed. Sept. 8 at 7.30 p.m. S. J. Joss on "A cartoonist at large in India." St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Vis. 2s.

SCOTTISH Committee Communist Party presents a symposium—A People's History of Scotland. Kenilworth Hotel, Glasgow. Oct. 2-3. Apply for brochure: Communist Party, 57 Miller St., Glasgow, C.1.

CERCLE Alfred Jarry (Clubroom of Everyman Cinema), near Hampstead tube station, Thursday, September 9, 8 o'clock, J. Masseron: "Pour ou contre la poésie de Jacques Prévert." Non-members. 2s.

BARNET "Hydrogen-Bomb" Campaign, Ewen Hall, Wood St., at 8 p.m., Sept. 6. Kingsley Martin, Dr. E. H. S. Burhop, a Conservative Cllr., a Labour Parl. Candidate.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. September 11 at 6 p.m. Mr. G. R. Meid: "La littérature contemporaine."

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.15 p.m. Tonight, Friday, Sept. 3. Andrew Bowden, "Housing." Friday, Sept. 10 P. G. Keeler, "The National Health Service." Adm. free.

YOGA. Talks on its Theory and Practice. Tuesdays 6.30 Subject for Sept. 7: "The Inner Light." Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Admission free.

LECTURE "Vegetarianism in Ancient Cultures," by Dastur Framrose Bode, Parsee High Priest. Court Room, Caxton Hall, Westminster; Friday, Sept. 10, 7 p.m. Org. by London Vegetarian Society. Collection.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30 p.m. Sun., Sept. 5. Studio, 29 Addison Av., W.11, nr. Holland Pk. Stn. Discourse: Rev. Will Hayes, "Looking for the Lord."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Holborn. Thurs., Sept. 9, 7.30: Exposition of the Bhagavad-Gita. All welcome.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Lecture Course Illustrated. Series of five lectures on Thursdays, 8.15, by David Sylvester: I: Matisse, September 9. II: Brancusi, September 16. III: Picasso, September 23. IV: Laurens, September 30. V: Giacometti, October 7. Special terms for members at 8s. for whole course. Non-members single lectures 3s. each.

FOURTH World Parliamentary Conference on World Government at County Hall, London, Sept. 4-10, 1954. Full particulars from Secretary-General, World Association of Parliamentarians for World Government, 21, Hampstead Lane, Highgate Village, N.6 (FITzroy 0088).

FREE Ten-week Course in Basic Economics. Classes begin September 21, 22 and 23 (evenings) in the following areas: Hornsey, Thornton Heath, Ilford, Welling, Woolwich, Putney, Beckenham, Southgate and at Headquarters, 4 Great Smith St., Westminster. Write or tel. for prospectus & full details to The Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Gt. Smith St., S.W.1. ABB. 6665.

MANCHESTER, Birmingham, Portsmouth, Glasgow. Classes in Basic Economics will open in these areas during September (1 weeks, evenings). Write for prospectus and full details, stating area, to The Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Gre Smith St., London, S.W.1.

61 "Leisure-Time" Courses in: A Home of Your Own, The Bible in Scientific Age, Philosophy, Internation Affairs, History of London, Literatu Architecture, Nature for Londoners, Languages, Art, Music, Drama, Italic Handwriting, Crafts, Cookery (Men), Fencing, Photography, Travel—Austria, Yugo-Slavia, Spain, Folk Dancing, Woodwork (Men and Women), Canteen, Common Room and Library at the Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7 Tavistock Place, W.C.1. (EUSton 1816.) Courses commence Mon., Sept. 27. Enrolment from Mon., Sept. 20. Syllabus on applin. to Registrar.

URCHFONT Manor. Week-end: Sept. 24-26. "The English Tradition in Architecture." A study of continuity in architecture, based on Bath and Devizes. Nov. 19-21. "The Art of the 18th Century." Lectures and discussions on the subject of the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition for 1955. Week or week-end: Oct. 25-31. "The Irish Literary Movement." A reassessment of the work of Yeats, Synge, Joyce and O'Casey, and the background against which they worked. At the week-end the course will consider the influence of these writers on English Literature in general. Autumn Progrs. now avail. from Warden, Urchfont Manor, Devizes, Wilts.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Send a card for six months "Preview" of week-end courses & autumn/winter schools (incl. Painting & Sketching, Music, Dance & Drama, Lit. & Lang. studies, Social Psychology, etc.).

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers and teachers, with individual tuition in voice and instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing and choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

GIRLS who wish to perfect their languages with a view to working abroad are recommended to train at St. Godric's College for Secretaries and Linguists, where they will have excellent facilities for studying both languages and secretarial work and for meeting students from all over the world. Intensive Courses for university graduates. Day and residential students. Canteen. Courses Sept. 1 & 28. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A.(Cantab.), St. Godric's College, 2 Arkwright Rd., Hampstead, London.

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

UNIVERSITY of London. University Extension Courses. Atomic Energy in Everyday Life; Food and Nutrition; Doctor, Patient and the State; The Impact of Western Society on the African. These course titles are included among the programme of three hundred and thirty-seven courses organised in London and the Home Counties for the Session 1954-55, beginning in late September—early October, covering a wide range of subject interests. The majority meet in the evening, but included are the day and week-end residential courses. Full details with brief descriptions of each course are contained in booklets divided into five convenient subject groups: The Arts (drama, literature, music and painting); Biblical and Religious Studies; History (including archæology, local studies and international affairs); Scientific and Geographical Studies; Social Studies (including philosophy and psychology). Booklets and further information may be obtained from the Deputy Director (Ext. 1), Dept. of Extra-Mural Studies, Senate House, W.C.1.

SCHOOL of Economics, Dundee. Application may now be made for entry to the following courses in October, 1954. B.Sc. (Econ.) London with Honours in Economics or Economic History or Industry and Trade. General Certificate of Education of London University in Social Science Subjects. Post-Graduate Diploma in Business Administration. The School of Economics is to be incorporated in the University of St. Andrews within the next two years. Arrangements will be made for providing students who have not completed their courses by the time the University takes over the School with special instruction to enable them to complete their work for the London Degree. Application forms and copies of the Calendar may be obtained from the Secretary, School of Economics, Bell Street, Dundee.

MARLBOROUGH Gate Secretarial College. 62 Bayswater Rd., W.2. Tel. PAD. 3320. Director: H. R. Light, B.Sc., F.C.I.S. Comprehensive training for high-grade secretarial appointments for students of good general education. Appointments Bureau. Prospectus on application to Secretary.

LADY, 35, trained graduate, coaches L.E.A. and Public Schools Common Entrance. London. Box 740.

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LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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PUBLIC speaking. Evening courses. Lectures with practice. From Sept. 29. Details and prospectus, Mr. Miles-Brown, Speech Consultant, 38 Wigmore St., W.1. WIM. 2482.

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